

The

RUMJAR

1947



"I can't see how he won the M.M. . . . he don't act very military for a soldier."

25¢

Drawn by
Tom Lusny
for
Free Press Weekly

YEARBOOK *of the* CANADIAN LEGION *85th* SASK. COMMAND

CANADIAN LEGION, BRITISH EMPIRE SERVICE LEAGUE

* * *

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The Rum Jar

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For
SECURITY AT HOME
and
PEACE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

This 1947 Number

is
*Dedicated to all who have
Served Freedom's Cause*

LEGION: "The Conscience of the Nation"

Dominion President's Message



Major-General C. B. PRICE
D.S.O., D.C.M., V.D.
Dominion President, Canadian
Legion, B.E.S.L.

THE strength of the Legion is based on that of each branch; if the branches across the country are alive and enthusiastic the work of the Legion on the national plane will be strong and effective. If, on the other hand, branches are listless and indifferent, the work of the Dominion Command will be ineffective and unworthy of the great cause we serve.

From a small organization, struggling for recognition of the needs of our comrades, the Canadian Legion has grown into a great national body, exercising a unifying and modifying influence at a time when there are so many forces working for disunity and strife in our country. In times of crisis it has spoken to the Government of the day for the conscience of the nation and if we live up to our principles it will undoubtedly do so again in the future.

May I extend to the publishers of *The Rum Jar* and all my comrades in Saskatchewan my very best wishes.

C. B. PRICE,
Dominion President.

The Premier's Message



HON. T. C. DOUGLAS
Premier and Minister of Public Health

A GAIN it is my privilege to extend greetings to Saskatchewan members of the Canadian Legion through the medium of the fine old institution, "The Rum Jar". It is another opportunity to pay tribute to the many thousands of Saskatchewan's finest citizens who bore the brunt of hardship and danger during two great devastating wars in defending the values we all hold most dear.

We are all profoundly grateful for the fact that we now live in infinitely happier times than a few years ago; and I think we also have achieved during the past year, a greater realization of the problems facing us here in Saskatchewan and especially facing the world as a whole.

During the recent war we did not indulge in easy optimism and lighthearted imagination concerning our future and the future of the world to the same extent that we did during the war of 1914-1918. There was noticeably less tendency to look at the future through rose-colored spectacles during the dark days of mortal combat. Nevertheless, there were few people not human enough to underestimate the difficulties currently being faced by the peoples of the world. Now, perhaps, we tend to feel ourselves engulfed in those grave strains and stresses. While we rejoice that our internal difficulties are small compared to those of most

GREETINGS and TRIBUTE

other nations, we are both saddened and made apprehensive by the plight of our fellow human beings in other places.

But our attitude and the actions that flow from it must be composed of more than mere sympathy and fear. We must realize that there are fundamental changes and shifts going on in our world. The world has never stood still, and the turbulent times in which we live reflect certain fundamental economic and political changes which are going on. Many of the old landmarks are being swept away and we are being forced willy-nilly to take up new ways and to establish new patterns. Therein lies the challenge to our times.

As in any period of profound change, we are beset with both dangers and opportunities. A twofold danger lies in the possibility that either we will so cling to the habits and attitudes of the past that we will fail to move forward at all, or that in moving forward in response to the demands of our times we will lose sight of many of the permanent values on which our civilization is based. Our opportunity lies in the possibility we have for increasing our economic security and social well-being while maintaining, and indeed forwarding, our political and civil freedoms.

Let there be no mistake about it. We cannot avoid the dangers of our modern world by shunning our responsibilities and avoiding our opportunities. As free men in a democratic society, the responsibility is ours individually and collectively. As long as we assume our responsibilities to the same extent in peacetime that we did in war we are masters of our destiny and we can face the future with confidence.

Here in Saskatchewan we have an enviable record of individual and collective responsibility and initiative. Our farmers, workers, businessmen and professional people are noted for their progressive attitudes and the various ways by which they have translated these into action.

There can be no doubt that the members of the Canadian Legion—those citizens who have so thoroughly proved their courage, steadfastness, and self-sacrifice on the supreme testing-ground—will not play less than a leading role in striving for a brighter and happier future for our province. In this knowledge, your provincial government extends warmest friendship, co-operation and good wishes for the year to come.

T. C. Douglas.

The Ubiquitous Sonya

Spy or Sprite?

By Capt. J. A. M. Cook

IT is the *apéritif* hour in the Bristol bar in Algiers.

Capt. Jackson, from Arizona, is talking palominos. He knows palominos. He's an expert. One of the few in the whole world. Raises palominos back home. And he's a mighty good soldier, too.

We have a second Cap Corse, barely notice a slim young Arab swish almost silently to the nearby bar. We sit in our sardine-packed fascination. Jackson has an odd story. The war is very far away. Suddenly the soldier from Tucson crumples the earthenware ashtray in his hand. His strong face turns the color of a palomino.

"Your ulcer, old boy?" we ask, sympathetically.

"No! No! No! . . . it's that Arab!" he gasps, hoarsely.

Arab? We'd been barely conscious of the slight figure in the burnt orange burnoose. Dimly, we had heard a voice. Vaguely we'd seen a thin, pale olive hand reach for an iced drink. What of it? Such things happen. Might only be another Lawrence Pasha in disguise. After all we were mixed up in a war, of sorts. The Arab is slipping from the room.

"That, my friend," he said, portentously, "that was Sonya!" All of which is as clear as a Brigade Order to me. But poor Jackson is standing, flings a 20-piastre note to Marie, and totters out into the darkness of Rue Michelet. I never see him again.

Now, I am not much for spy stories. They are mostly the silliest sort of fiction, manufactured to help use up our spruce forests. To hear some folks talk you'd think the spies ran our little wars, rather than the poor bloody infantry. No, I'm a confirmed cynic about spies, from away back. I put them all in the same mental class as the joker who pinched my jug of Hudson's Bay at Currie barracks in 1941.

But Sonya?

About Sonya I have remained completely baffled. Was she the woman in red? Or the one in the green turban? Was she the blonde gypsy from Budapest? Or the Slav menace from Prague? Was she Evie Braun's baby sister? Was she on our side? Or on theirs?

I did not know. Nor would anyone say. She was a name. And a voice.

The fascinating thread of the puzzle ran on through the years. Mention her name, and a strong man's face turned the color of chalk. Or of mustard.

Christmas, 1943

Vlasto, Italy

*Outside the Istonian courtyard
whips the mountain wind;
but here,
made secret by walls
of ancient rock and plaster,
ginger gasoline flames
belch from battered biscuit tins,
bronzing the brows
of soldier and peasant.*

*Shyly a child
hums of the Nativity
amid the eddying roar
of burning petrol.*

*Then, like
the forward surge of
Monty's Eighth
upon the Sangro
comes the voice of the west country:
"Home on the Range."*

*For this is Christmas night
in the Majellan mountains,
and in the grey-black distance
field guns challenge;
but here . . . the Hand rests lightly:*

*Children nibble
army biscuit with jam
thinly spread;*

*Soldiers chorus
with much freedom
of diaphragm,
and melody rises from happy
stomachs;*

*An old woman in brown
with sad hands
stretches tired, bare feet towards the
flaming jerry can ,*

*And, above,
the stars
and the angels.*

There was that time at Chez Pilar. I forget the names but do remember we had horsemeat and *crêpes Suzette* for lunch. A foul fighting man from the famous Eighth Armoured was carrying on about Canadians on the Brighton perimeter. Said he had written his missus about them. There was a considerable bang outside and the sound of falling glass. I looked quickly for the *vin special*. But it was practically intact. A Canadian from the next table was sitting on the floor, the bottle clutched safely in his hand.

In rushed a cloud of white helmeted MP's from Ike's HQ.

"Don't anybody move . . . we're raiding the joint!" the big sergeant yelled.

Seems somebody's ammunition ship had just blown up in the harbor. The ship, ammunition, about 400 natives and the Q.M. were missing. Everybody looked very serious and said that was too bad. We hoped the missing Q.M. hadn't landed in Chez Pilar.

"We're not hunting for him!" shouted the MP. sergeant. "We are searching for Sonya!"

Well, that is some of the story. In the old Hotel Majestic in Tunis an Italian waiter whispered "Il Duce—finito!" and drew his finger across his gizzard. He'd heard the story on the BBC. A tall woman floated out the door, knocking over a dish of *muscatelles* as she went. She disappeared like a jet meteor. Sonya?

That ugly night near Messina. A lone plane cruises in the inky sky. We douse a Sweet Cap, trembling; cling to the side of the Bailey bridge. From a nearby vineyard comes a soft, throaty contralto, the words of the sweet Italian version of Lilli Marlene. It is like a lullaby of doom. A Sicilian *carabiniere*, with a white AMG armband, shuffles up from the unswept verge. In the distant south is the dull glow of Etna. Then bonfires burst out on the hillsides. We ask the cop.

"Quanto liri?" he cries. "The war finito. You do not know our Italian Navy now fights for the AMG? That's nothing. To hell with taxes! But you listen, prego, and you hear the gentle Sonya sing. . . ."

That other night, on the Adriatic Coast, when the ruddy Luftwaffe blew up half our shipping in Bari. The major and I groped our way through dark, tumbling corridors, found the trembling barman, ordered Chiarti. Too late, he says, before us came Sonya.

Put it down to imagination. Put it down to bottle ex-

haustion. Call it the voice of romance. Say it is just the vague, inarticulate memory of every soldier; the half truth, the half fiction, he hides in the lining of his pay book.

Sonya was just a face you saw in the tube. Or a fleeting glimpse in some Norman village on the way to Caen or Calais. Perhaps just a picture on the wall in Capri, or Sorrento, or Mont St. Michel. Perhaps she was the lift girl in the Atlanta. Or the electric woman at the Metropole. Or the farmer's daughter outside Utrecht.

Ascribe it, if you must, to feet of clay. Or a head of putty. Or to the brooding neurosis that comes when you're too long from the family hearth. You'll go on thinking until the end of time, brooding over the puzzle of Sonya.

Was she Queen of all the Spies?

★

She was at your elbow the night before June 6, July 10, August 8, March 21—on every other historic date. Always the breath of disaster was coupled with the whisper of that fascinating gypsy from Budapest.

My friend, Kent, was with me when we got across the Seine on that dramatic day in August, 1944. Some French johnnies were shooting among the chimney pots, and the Nazi defenders still had some 88's left. We found refuge in the Hotel Scribe. But on the way it was all flowers and bullets and crazy people, singing, shooting and all the nonsense that goes with liberation.

Everybody was mad, including the Germans. A French soldier would break from the clasp of some gal, climb into his tank, pop off a few rounds from his 17-pounder at the Germans still holding out in the Luxembourg, then rush back for another embrace. I complained to Kent. Just then I was dragged from the jeep, my beret torn off and I found myself looking into the eager eyes of a French woman. She was 123 years old on her last birthday, but fire was in her eye. She explained that she had been wanting to do something like that ever since Murat left town....

"Sonya?" observed Kent, cynically.

★

Months later we were back at the Scribe. That's in Rue Scribe, off Place de l'Opera. It is a Canadian-owned establishment rented to the Luftwaffe during the occupation. The Boche acted like many another tourist; pinched all the bath towels, broke the drinking glasses, left black rings on the baths, and spoiled the help. But we were tired of war and the exigencies of Brussels and Antwerp, and wanted to rest quietly for a spell, alone with our arthritis and our brooding. Paris was in a wretched mood, too—cold, hungry and sad—and we got along very well. The Yankees, of course, were running the Scribe, and they put me in a room with a good Australian cobbler. I went to sleep.

The telephone rang at 8.

"Allo?" said the voice. "Thees ees Sonya!"

I said it served her right; went back to bed. When my Aussie pal came in I gave him hell for pulling gags on a tired old man. He became terribly serious, and insisted that it really was Sonya. She had been calling for a fortnight. No, he had never seen her. The 'phone rang again. It was Sonya. She says she hunts for Gerald. A long time ago Gerald came to Paris and liberated her from the terrible Germans. Then he was called away. He has never written. She is awfully worried. Can we help her find her Gerald?

I tell my cobbler this is a lot of damned nonsense. Sonya is undoubtedly a dangerous woman, a henna-haired spy from gosh knows where; but he strings her along and says Gerald (who is also likely a spy unknown to me) has just stepped out to buy a lottery ticket. Later my Aussie pal explains that liberation was a personal thing to the French. It was not an army or a nation liberating the whole French race. It was some one soldier saving some poor lone French-woman, preferably a very young one, from the clutches of the Boche. I insisted that I had never liberated any individual; but he said this was a point of view.

Sonya was a real person and so was Gerald. The man had occupied this same room. Sonya believed, or at least hoped very much, Gerald would return.

The 'phone rang again the next morning.....

★

In September, 1946, I was travelling through the State of Washington in the far west. My companion was an old regimental comrade from Regina. We stood on a concrete parapet looking at a billion cubic yards of water spill over Grand Coulee dam. It is a big operation. Makes you think. I kept brooding about my ulcer and told some of the story of Sonya. My pal objected. He said there were too many gaps. He suggested writing all I knew about Sonya, every last secret word, putting the MSS in a bottle and tossing it into the turbulent Columbia.....

★

A week or two later I was at Coquitlam, in British Columbia. It was a beautiful October day. Mighty conifers rose up to look at snow-capped peaks. The sand was white; the scene terribly restful. And peace had long since broken out in a brave rash.

I rested there alone on the sands for a long time; finally heard the summons to supper, and appeared at the half-timbered bungalow of my host, a year out of the army. It was terribly homey, restful—my stouthearted pal, back to flannels and a sports jacket, sitting there carving the roast, the pink-cheeked little woman passing the gravy.

I ate on in comparative silence. There was just one odd sound. It came from the cellar. Not a loud noise. Just a vague monotone that remained fairly constant. My hostess noticed my interest; explained there was a frog in the basement; it was not unusual in British Columbia; plenty of people had frogs in their cellars. But this frog had irritated my hostess, and she had part of the basement boarded up. The frog remained in the sawdust behind a board wall. I asked why it was such a bother, and she said it was a talking frog. When I wanted to know what the frog said, both my host and his little wife fell into an embarrassed silence.

Naturally, this was puzzling.

"Well," I finally blurted, "what do you call your frog?"

The little woman gave her hero a rather odd look, a look I have seen on the faces of other women, and said, simply:

"I call her Sonya."

.....

A couple of GI's stationed in Australia during the earlier days of the Pacific war, had been entertained in an Australian home, and became very friendly with the lady of the house. On the arrival of her fourth child, recently, the lady received a playpen as a gift from the American soldiers. Her thank-you note rather astonished them. It read: "Thank you so much for the pen. It is a perfect Godsend. I sit in it every afternoon and read, and the children can't get near me."

The

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BORROWED TIME

By H. S. M. Kemp, *Prince Albert*

BILL JENNINGS sat on the edge of his cot, held his head in his hands and wished fervently he could die. For in death, one could forget things; he wouldn't be conscious of a swimming head, a heaving stomach, and a taste in his mouth like an owl's nest. These things came from whooping it up too much; and Bill had whooped it, plenty.

It had begun the evening before, when, not booked for ops., he had shoved off down town. There, by chance, he had bumped into "Scotty" Lee. "Scotty" was an old friend, another W.A.G., but on Coastal Command. In "Scotty's" considered judgment, the meeting called for a celebration; and from a liquid standpoint, the celebration had been a success.

Bill couldn't recall the details of it, but it ended up in a jamboree in somebody's flat. Liquor, of course, was the highnote of the party, the other accessories being an assortment of girls, a Yank artillery officer, Scotty himself, and a couple of R.A.F. boys. Bill remembered the group around the piano, and their efforts with "Margie"; it was about that time that Bill had passed out of the picture.

He wished he could pass out of it again now; for, if not entirely repentant, he had gone entirely sour on himself. Sitting on his cot, he admitted, frankly, brutally, that he was a boob, a sap and a grade-A mug. He winced when he recalled his doings (or what he could of them) of the previous night. He had been a wow, then; a scream, and the very life of the party. Wit had flowed from his tongue, and his antics had knocked them cold. Very funny he had been—but that was twelve hours ago. Now, in the chill greyness of his hut and the gloom of the aftermath, he felt horribly sick, a bit disgusted, and of all men the most miserable.

But it took Dunc. Nelson to frame his physical appearance in words. Dunc. came in, appraised him, and said he looked like something that fell out of a tree.

Bill, the sinner, groaned, but made no comment.

"Yeh," emphasized Dunc.; "something that stuck in the drain."

Bill managed to look up, then.

"I'm sick, Dunc.," he muttered.

"Do say!" jeered Dunc. "And what made you sick? Too many rides on the merry-go-round?"

Bill ignored his humor. "You ain't on ops., tonight, are you, Dunc.? I am. Will you take this trip for me if I fix it with the M.O.?"

Dunc. said nothing; but he continued to appraise the sufferer critically.

"A souse, a tank, a bottle-bum. If there's a drink within a mile, he'll root it out. And by a drink, I mean anything that's wet."

Bill Jennings squinted through pain-shot eyes. "Aw, forget it, Dunc. I wasn't hunting a drink this time. Only I bumped into 'Scotty' Lee. You know 'Scotty' Lee."

"I know the gent. Another bar-fly like you." Then, suddenly, Dunc. Nelson's voice took on a different tone. "What's the matter with you anyway? No guts—can't turn it down? Keep on that way, and they'll tie a can to your tail."

For the first time, Bill Jennings showed a spark of resentment.

"A can to my tail? That'll be the day! I like a drink—sure I like a drink; but it don't hurt me for work!"

"It don't, eh?" Dunc. laughed mockingly. "Let's see, then. Hold out your hand. Yeah; palm up, straight out!"

Bill frowned, did so; then frowned more when he saw the way his hand was jiggling.

"Hold her still!" jeered Dunc. "Sure, still! Like you would on your guns!"

Bill blinked, watched that jiggling hand. Watched how it weaved and danced. He stared, tried to control it. "Guess I'd better rustle some aspirin." He looked up into the firm face of Dunc. Nelson.

Dunc. smiled slowly. "Scared you, eh? Nerves beginning to crack. Well, if that's the way you want to play her, go ahead!"

Bill tried the test again. The result brought a deeper frown to his face. "Guess I've been hittin' her a bit hard..." Then suddenly, "But what of it?" he flared. "That don't mean I'm beginning to crack! If I lay off liquor for a few days, I'll be all right again. Why not?"

Dunc. Nelson shrugged. "Because a few days won't be enough. Your drunks are getting bigger and better all the time." He fished a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. "Smoke?"

Bill waved him away. A smoke was the last thing he wanted.

"I'll be all right," he persisted. "Maybe I *have* been drinking too much. Okay, then; I'll lay off for a while."

Dunc. gave him a look of mixed pity and exasperation. "Just a goof; just a pinheaded fool. He'll 'lay off for a while'; and he'll come back and hit her harder than ever." His voice toughened. "You've come a long way from the old B. and G. days back in Canada. You drank then, drank more than you should have done; but you knew when to quit. Over here, though, the only time you'll quit is when the drinks run out. So what? Either you haven't the guts I thought you had, or this racket's too tough for you. You can't take it any more."

Bill sprang to his feet, jaw set, mouth twisted. The taunt finished him. But he had reckoned without his spinning head. He blundered, staggered, sat down on the cot again, hard.

"Okay, okay!" he gritted weakly. "So I haven't got the guts. So you don't have to take this trip for me..."

Dunc. laughed outright. "Sure I'll take the trip for you. Any other way'd be suicide. Get over and tell your story to the M.O. If," he added, "you can walk that far."



THE TRIP to the M.O. saved Bill Jennings the longer trip to Hamburg that night. It also saved him the necessity of an early roll-out the following morning. And when he finally awakened it was to make the discovery that his headache had disappeared and his stomach was calm.

He lay in his cot for a few moments, enjoying the new sensation. He even took the trouble to extend his arm; and when he found the fingers no longer danced and jittered, a little laugh escaped him. Here was one for Dunc, the Jonah who'd intimidated his nerves were beginning to crack.

"Hey, Gloomy!" he called, and swung to an elbow. And when he looked down the hut's length and saw Dunc's

cot unoccupied, he remembered that Dunc. was away. Off on the trip he himself was supposed to have taken.

Then, suddenly, he glanced at his wrist-watch. He frowned. The time was nine-fifteen... nine-fifteen in the morning. From a short run, like to Hamburg, Dunc should have returned before this.

He shot a glance at two or three of the other cots. At "Squib" Horton's, at "Buck" Cassidy's, at "Slim" Henderson's. These cots belonged to the members of his own crew, the commissioned members; the crew with which Dunc. had flown, last night. And each of the cots was empty!

The breath caught in Bill Jennings's throat. For a moment he felt panicky. He grabbed some clothes, got into them, went outside. Almost at once he bumped into Larry Harkness.

Harkness cocked an eye at him. "Up, eh?" and looked away again. Harkness seemed a mite awkward.

Bill grabbed him. "Where's Dunc? And the rest of 'em?"

Harkness shrugged. "Didn't get back." He added, "Not yet."

"You mean . . . ?"

"Yeah. The others got in early. They don't know a thing."

Bill stood there, frozen, looking into the greyish, south-eastern sky. Harkness shoved on, and seemed glad to go.

Minutes followed; and Bill turned to one of the other huts. Before he made it, he ran into Jack Morris. Morris was a flight-looey, the skipper of "G for Goon." The F/L. was red-eyed, as though he'd been up all night.

He looked at Bill, said softly, "You're lucky, fella. Real lucky, mebbe."

Bill asked, "What happened?"

"Everything. Flak, night-fighters; same as usual, only a whole lot worse."

"See anything—I mean, anything of my gang?"

The flight-looey shrugged: "Saw several blow up, go down. Could have been one of them. Or none of them."

Bill nodded. "Might have limped back, p'raps. Made some other station."

The flight-looey squinted into Bill's heavy-jawed, hard-lined face. He shrugged again, then turned and went inside.

Bill, despite the hardness of his features, felt suddenly weak. There was a weight in his stomach, like lead. Perhaps coffee, black and hot, might help him.

He scrounged the coffee, washed, shaved, dressed; but all the time his ear was straining for the sound of a Lancaster coming in. Afterwards, he went out to pace the tarmac and stare into that south-eastern sky.

There were others staring as well, his ground-crew boys. Not only those, but of half a dozen other aircraft. They glanced at Bill but said nothing; for there was nothing to say. Bill knew what it all meant. The squadron had taken a mauling.

Came noon, and some of the boys who had been on the night's operation got around. They, like Jack Morris, could tell him little; but they figured that if "F for Flossie" was coming back at all, she should have been here before this.

Neither could those in the ops. room give him any satisfaction. One aircraft, yes, had managed to land at a fighter station near Tunbridge Wells; but this wasn't "F for Flossie." No, chum, things didn't look so good . . .

★

BILL slept little that night; and then only when the fingers of dawn were smudging the hut windows. He was sick with fear, weak with apprehension. Not only did he have his own crew to worry about, but separate and apart

from this, there was the matter of Dunc. Dunc. shouldn't have gone on the trip at all. But he did go; and if he didn't get back, Bill was the one responsible. Bill himself, and the cursed booze.

The trip was to have been Bill's forty-third, the eleventh of his second tour. It was Dunc's twenty-eighth. Though they had trained together, Dunc. had missed a draft or two; so that Bill was by way of being a veteran when the kid arrived overseas. With luck and a bit of cajoling, he had been posted to Bill's own squadron; and, though on different aircraft, they had been together once more.

Dunc. he knew by actual companionship; Dunc's family, from hearing the kid talk of them. And from their pictures. There was Dunc's old man, Tom Nelson, a sort of shrivelled-up old geezer in the small-time lumbering business back home; his mother, the sort of mother Bill would have liked to have had; his kid sister, Irene.

And that was the hideousness of it all. If Bill himself had gone on this trip and hadn't come back, nobody would have grieved a lot. Bill didn't remember his parents; they had died when he was a baby. A crabbed old aunt had reared him till he was thirteen, and Bill had been a lone-wolf ever since. A two-fisted buckaroo, a good mechanic when he worked at it, wild as a hawk in hooch.

"And it had to be him. . . !" Bill gritted there in his cot. "A good, clean kid . . . and me to live out his time!"

For it was *his* time; Dunc's time. If Bill had felt good, hadn't been crooked the night before and nursing a hang-over, he'd have done the trip. Dunc. would be here tonight, and it would be Bill the Bum who'd gone. Of course, the papers wouldn't have put it that way. On the missing-list, there'd have been the name of Flying Officer W. G. Jennings, D.F.C., and the world would have bowed its head as another hero checked out. But nobody would have worried; nobody but the boys on the station and, perhaps, "Scotty" Lee. And "Scotty" would have got drunk on the strength of it.

But Dunc. . . . The folks back home would have received the message now. Old Tom Nelson; the mother; the kid-sister, Irene.

"Borrowed time! Dunc's time! And for a souse, a bottle-bum!"

What a laugh that was! Only, instead of laughing, Bill Jennings broke down and cried. . . .

★

THEY packed Dunc's belongings, shipped them to the Effects Depot, and Bill went back on ops. Then the war ended; and one day, back in Canada again, Bill obtained his discharge and faced the world with puzzled eyes.

They were puzzled eyes, but grave eyes now. As though the soul that looked through them had seen much that was bad and much that was good. But the puzzlement came from contemplation of the future.

Right along, even from the day of his enlistment, Bill had never dallied much with thoughts of coming back. He didn't expect to. Too many good boys were getting it, and luck had never come his way. So that what to do after the war had never worried him. Now, however, it had become a pressing problem.

His gratuity wouldn't last for ever, and in spite of his self-chastisement, Bill had never been a downright bum. But more than that, there was the other angle. His time wasn't his own any more; it was Dunc's, given to him in trust. Dunc. would have made good whatever happened; Bill had to make good, too. For Dunc. would expect it of him.

Then came a letter, a letter from Dunc's mother. It had been re-addressed from England, but it was written on the premise that Bill was back in Canada once more. Wouldn't Bill come up to McDonald Siding and spend a

(Continued on page 75)

Sidelights on Peace-Making

Rendezvous Luxembourg

By Maurice Western, Regina

PARIS fussed around like a lady of uncertain age trying to recover that youthful bloom. There was handsome floodlighting in the Place de l'Opera, cascades of spectacular fireworks in the gardens of Versailles. Smart shops down the Boulevard des Capucines carried tawdry goods at fantastic prices. Fine food could be had at Maxim's and Pierre's and gendarmes directed foreigners to restaurants marked "categorie exceptionnelle". Tobacconists featured "English-style" cigarettes, and in the Scribe you could buy Luckies for 180 francs.

The streets were fairly respectable, even around the Madeleine.

Up at the Luxembourg, the Garde Republicaine was out and the red carpet down—for Messrs. Byrnes, Bevin, Bideault and Molotov, with impressive retinues.

The Americans, after buying up the last bottle of Chanel No. 5, had headed home with their peace offerings. There wasn't a Canadian provost in sight. But there was plenty of gold braid in glittering limousines. For this was the peace conference; this from a diplomatic point of view was what the war was all about.

After the first few days the crowds stopped cheering at the Luxembourg gates, and just looked puzzled. Morning after morning the peacemakers went up the red stairs and into the diplomatic trenches. There was a furious battle over something called a two-thirds majority. Every day there was a battle, and sometimes it lasted until four in the morning. It seemed an odd way of making peace.

A lot of things could have been settled by Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Molotov over a bottle of Scotch in some hotel room. They weren't settled that way. Some of them weren't settled.

By and large it didn't seem a very big job. Nobody had suggested a peace treaty for Germany. This was just a matter of winding things up with the satellite states.

But something had happened. The Americans were on excellent terms with the defeated Italians. The Russians were so chummy with the Bulgars that they backed them in demands on Greece. People remembered that the Greeks were on our side, the Bulgars against us. The conference was getting topsy-turvy.

There were a lot of peculiar folks around—Esthonians, Letts, Lithuanians. When you checked at the hotels somehow or other they were always registered as Russians. Then there was an Albanian named Ylli who had taught school with such marked success that, at the age of 30, they made him minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary. His boss, Enver Hoxha, asked twelve times the reparations demanded by the Soviet Union, and went home without so much as a plugged nickel.

Parisians, like most other people, decided that it wasn't funny. In the first month, it was calculated that Byrnes and Molotov had spent exactly ten minutes in each other's company. The arguments were getting very bitter. Should the Czechs have three villages or five in their Bratislava bridgehead? Should the town of Gorizia be divided? Would France or Italy get the power plants around Tenda and Briga? No one could remember such issues being debated

when First Div. landed in Sicily, or when First Army battled around Caen.

On the anniversary, the Canadian delegation visited Dieppe, attended by a few veterans rounded up somewhere in England. The town is in pretty fair shape. The streets were beflagged, and lights blazed at night from the Casino. For Canadians in uniform, it was open house everywhere.

The P.M. visited the beaches, where the South Saskatchewan regiment had landed four years before. There was a memorial service at Puy; another in Dieppe cemetery, now become a place of pilgrimage for flower-laden French peasants. Hundreds stood bare-headed as they played the "Last Post". Up at the Luxembourg the victors were exchanging insults.

Peace was made through the operation of blocs. The Russians, with five satellites, always voted one way. The Western powers voted the other. The Canadians, who had come for a bit of "honest brokerage", couldn't seem to get anywhere.



In 1919 it was otherwise. Harold Nicolson has given us a vivid picture of Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George down on their hands and knees at the Hotel Crillon, pencilling lines through political maps. There was very little voting, but people were agreed on general principles like "self-determination". In 1946, there were no agreed principles, and nobody mused up the carpet. Said the *Manchester Guardian*: "We have nothing in common with the Russians but common humanity".

Australia's Evatt was the nearest approach to a 1946 Wilson. He was a rough-hewn democrat and, according to Jan Masaryk, "an impossible man when he has an audience". He fought for the small powers, claimed "to know what democracy is because I can smell tyranny wherever it is." He was admired apparently even by Mr. Vishinsky, who regarded him as a worthy foe.

Molotov behaved like a Father Confessor. Vishinsky made some of the ablest conference speeches, witty and ruthless.

The Soviets started the bloc business. Their satellites were so well trained that you might have thought it was squad drill. At the beginning there was no such western grouping, and it seemed ironic that the Russians, through their conference tactics, succeeded in the end in building that very Western bloc which they have always professed so much to fear.

In reality there were only two really troublesome problems in Paris. Shall East Europe be a closed area, or shall it be part of a freely trading world? Who shall be boss in Trieste?

The Danube serves eight countries, and, from 1856 to Adolf Hitler, navigation on the river was regulated by international commissions. It should still be free, argued the western states.

Also, since trade is a good thing, they suggested that the defeated powers agree to non-discrimination in commercial

dealings for at least eighteen months after the peace. This would give a small state protection against any single power. It was not right, they thought, that Russia, through the Sovrom agreements should become a 50 per cent shareholder in Rumanian economy.

All poppycock, retorted the Soviets. Rumania was a free nigger, and the western powers were simply trying to gatecrash without an invitation. American capitalism was out to exploit war-impooverished states. The Danube for the Danubians and No Trespassing.

Mr. Bevin thought it odd that Britain should fight a victorious war and come out with fewer rights than in Hitler's time.

Basically there seemed to be two concepts of international trade. To westerners, it was the oil that lubricates the peace machinery. To the Russians, it was economic dynamite to blow up their whole security system.

In the end Mr. Byrnes got his two-thirds majority, and the Russians talked bitterly of "voting machines".

★

Visiting Trieste, I was glad that First Corps moved to Hollard. The boys might be there yet, digging in some place along the Morgan Line.

Trieste, claimed by Italy and demanded by Tito, is a hot spot. If you wear uniform it isn't wise to wander into Zone B. Most probably you will end up in a Yugoslav jug.

The Yugoslavs have some good economic claims to Trieste, since most of its railways run back into their territory. They grabbed the town before the New Zealanders got there, and frightened the Italians out of their wits during "Tito's forty days". Through "show of hands" elections in the factories, Communists got an iron control of some of the biggest unions, and they know how to use them.

The hinterland is Slovene, but Trieste has a big Italian majority. But it isn't a mere matter of counting noses. Behind it all is a power game with Russia pressing forward to the Mediterranean.

Most people thought it was all settled when the powers decided upon internationalization and a "Free State". But when they tried to draft a statute, it was obvious that nothing had changed. Who is going to boss the Free State?

According to Western powers, it should be a Governor responsible to the Security Council of the United Nations. No! argues Tito, that wouldn't be democratic. There should be an elected Assembly and no nonsense from the Governor.

Apart from his political machine, Tito has powerful weapons. Economically he is in a position to strangle the city or bring pressure at any time upon the local Assembly. "Trieste", says the Marshal, "must and will be Yugoslav".

The tragedy is that it could be one of the biggest ports of the Mediterranean serving all Central Europe.

Any settlement will be a compromise. It will have to be upheld by force. Also the United Nations will have to pump funds into Trieste to keep it prosperous. Otherwise look out for trouble. Anyhow subsidies are cheaper than wars.

Moralizing about the Balkans doesn't get you very far. It is a little like the story of the old lady who had never attended a theatre. Her nephew decided to do something about it, and since she had a taste for the classics, he took her to see 'Anthony and Cleopatra.' She sat quietly through the first acts, said very little until the final scene when Cleopatra clutched the asp and fell surrounded by her dying maidens. Then she turned to her escort and murmured gently:

"Good gracious. How different from the home life of our own dear Queen!"

Tito won't become an American overnight, and he won't be converted by lectures from Mr. Byrnes. But the settlement may work provided that the Big Four stick together and find some decent basis of understanding.

Listending in at the Luxembourg I had the strong impression that in the absence of some such reconciliation, no other settlement would work either.

.....

A GI en route to Europe during the period of the submarine menace, when the alert signal was sounded aboard, prayed as follows: "O Lord, thou art our refuge and fortress. Save us from being torpedoed."

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, and the GI cried out in despair: "O Lord, we've been hit. Why hast thou forsaken us?"

Then, realizing that his ship still forged ahead on even keel, he looked about and joyously exclaimed: "Thank God, it was the other ship!"

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"RED PATCH" YARNS

From Walter Migowski, Maple Creek

THIS business of settling down in civilian life in a world which seems averse to settling down, or up, or up-and-down, or anyway at all, makes one think back with some relief to the days when bickerings about peace were still in the remote future.

In war-time, the psychologists called it "escapism"....

Be that as it may, Major Hyman's yarns of the Italian campaign in last year's issue of "The Rum Jar", stirred some fragrant memories of yarns which appeared in the old "Red Patch", with the publication of which I had some little to do. Perhaps revival of some of these old 1st Division anecdotes will afford others as much relief and pleasure, as they did me. They have the merit of being true; names of personnel and regiments concerned will be furnished to anyone interested:

- There was the chap who decided to make a nice chocolate rice pudding when it came his turn to cook for the unit of seven men. Carefully measuring out seven cups of rice (one for each man), he washed it, mixed in some chocolate, and waited for the mixture to come to a boil on the gasoline fire. Some time later, he was busily engaged trying to catch the overflow of rice in numerous containers, much to the enjoyment of his mates who had no liking for rice pudding anyway.

- The officer entered the kitchen and beheld the disaster. Two egg shells lay upon the floor, their contents a sorry mess in the dust.

"What happened here?" the officer demanded sternly.

The disgruntled cook, exasperated by the turn of events (which could only occur in a farmyard cookhouse), looked up and said: "A hen came in on the double, but couldn't quite make the nest, sir." The officer, his curiosity satisfied, merely said, "Oh!"

- The day the Canadian Legion opened their entertainment schedule, the gathering to view the first motion picture was so large that it could not all be accommodated in front of the screen. But it was shortly discovered that the picture could be seen just as well from behind the screen, and in no time at all the parked vehicles were turned into comfortable seats for the late-comers.

- The officer's mess had been planning the party for some time, and all day the liquid refreshments had been cooling in the little stream that meandered by the camp. Suddenly the rain came...not in buckets, but by barrels. Came the sun, and a hastily summoned search party was sent to locate the bottles. All that was ever recovered was a few bits of broken glass along the banks of the swollen stream.

- It was at a regimental inspection, and the major was walking between the rows of perfectly-turned-out soldiers. The major's face beamed until he beheld one man, perfectly turned out except for his boots. To his enquiry as to the whereabouts of the boots, the soldier stuttered: "But, s-s-sir, don't you remember?"

The major didn't remember.

"You remember the party you officers had at.....? You remember the pig you had at the party?"

The major recalled the pig.

"Well, sir," the soldier continued, "you traded my boots for that pig."

The major, with a flushed face, continued his march down the line.

- With the fall of Rimini came the time to raise the flags of the Allies. Participating in the capture of the town were Greeks, British and Canadian troops, but only the Greeks had a flag available. Quickly a D.R. was sent to Cattolica where he contacted Canadian Legion Headquarters, who supplied the urgently needed Red Ensign.

- It was during a spell of shelling in Ortona that a certain N.C.O. with the Educational Unit retreated from his upstairs bedroom to join a group of uniformed men huddled in a corner of the Italian house.

"Gather round, fellows," he said, "and I'll tell you a good yarn I heard the other day."

The lads responded readily, and the N.C.O. spun yarn after yarn until he finally noticed all signs of shelling had abated. He then indicated he was ready to leave. Amid murmurs of thanks from his audience he rose to his feet acknowledging their thanks with: "Think nothing of it, fellows. The way I had it figured, a shell would have to travel through a lot of meat to reach me in the centre."

- How many of the lads will remember the discovery that when there is a shortage of baking powder, a dash of Fruit Salts in the batter will make as nice a batch of pancakes as you ever laid eyes on?

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Cartoon on the cover of this issue of The Rum Jar is by Sergeant Tom Luzny.

About It and About

By GERRY STONER

*"From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free."
—Swinburne.*

THIS was the place you loved.....the cool placid waters of that little northern lake lapping peacefully against the side of the canoe, and as you shipped your paddle and lay back you could watch the stars twinkling through the dark sleepiness of the clouds.....one by one.....and the smoke from your cigarette spiralled lazily into the moonlit emptiness.....yes, this was the life you loved.....drinking with the boys, sleeping in late and rushing to classes.....all sorts of friends, intellectual classmates, athletic pals, and friends with whom you used to talk about Life until Morpheus gently encircled all of you in his veil of sleep.....and there were girls you loved, many girls—girls with sweet-smelling hair and eyes full of promise.....you kissed them, danced with them, dreamed about them, but somehow something was always missing.....you always impressed her with the things you were going to do and the places you were going to see.....but somehow the things and places always wound up by being more important than the girl herself.....there was an undertone of sadness to this whole melody.....you had all the things you loved, but someday you were not going to have them any more.....and you would sit there in the moonlight with the scent of midnight roses in the air and wonder what you really did want.....these were the days you loved.....the carefree existence.....eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die, but you never did.....you always woke up with just a hangover.....this was the uniform you loved.....the comradeship, the row of steins on the bar of the mess, one of them with your name on it.....you were no longer alone.....there were many others in this with you, but somehow you knew they wouldn't always be there, and you would sit in front of the great log fireplace and wonder what it was really all about.....and sipped brandy.....these were the svelte women you loved, with beautifully-groomed and sweet-smelling hair and long slender legs.....and you remembered other younger girls with eyes full of promise, and you yearned for the smell of roses in the Spring.....yes, these were the scenes you had dreamed about.....London, the Marble Arch, Temple Bar, the Elephant and Castle.....and you drank a pint in the old Cheshire Cheese.....and you could feel Samuel Pepys and Dr. Johnson lurking in the shadows.....and you stood mutely in respect before the antiquity of the Abbey and Stonehenge.....but somehow you knew soon you were going away and you would probably never come back.....you would sit on the high cliffs overlooking the Cornish shore-line and watch the tide lick up against the rows of barbed wire.....it was sad to you that it seemed to have no end.....this was the fever of adventure you wanted.....beyond your boyhood dreams.....touching down on the hostile shore, to save the maiden republic from the dragon.....yes, these had been the horrors you had been afraid of.....the sickening nausea in the pit of your stomach, the guts, the stench.....and you longed to sleep.....and you thought of Stonehenge, and lakes, and girls in the moonlight, and warm friendly rooms, and white sheets.....these were the girls you had slyly read about.....girls with pretty roses in their hair and the foreign lilt in their voice.....yet they would not last very long.....soon the thrill of liberation would be gone and you would probably never see them again.....and you would sit there in the gay little cafes and sip cognac, and wonder

what it was all about.....this was the day you had lived for.....the celebrations, the champagne, and the lights turned on all over the world.....but outside it was raining.....and the ruins still silhouetted ironically against the gray clouds.....and hungry faces still stared up at you, and you knew this was never going to end.....this was the trip you often imagined you would never make.....the hooting of horns as the "Queen" majestically rolled past that little old lady at the mouth of the Hudson.....that was the western earth on which you wanted to plant your feet.....and those were the girls you loved, tall and clean, tanned with the warmth of a Canadian sun.....but somehow their voices seemed flat.....and you sat in the smoky haze and drank beer and listened to the dull conversation.....and wondered what it was all about.....and other young men would ship their paddles there in the moonlight and watch the stars through the lace of the trees.....and other persons would love and kiss and wonder why.....and they would feel those same bewildered feelings.....and other young men would die before they began to live.....and there would never be any end to it at all.....never any end at all.....ever.

—Queen's Commentator.



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*He's Back on Civvy Street**"Front-Line" Charlie*By Major Harold Hyman, *Regina*

"FRONT-LINE" Charlie was just about the last man out; and when he got out, he adjusted his civvy suspenders and hitched his rehabilitation wagon to a bizarre star.

He had read all the government literature on the rehab question back in repatriation depot, and he had even asked the unit padre to elaborate some on the on-the-job training phase of the vets' program. He was happy to know that he could earn while learning on the job, though work in any form would be nothing less than degrading to such a man as Charlie pictured himself.

It wasn't any ordinary kind of job "Front-Line" would settle for either. Not by a long shot. No ordinary job could ever hope to hold the interest of this courageous comrade who had seen so much, who had smelled the Hun carcasses cut down by the Poor B. Infantry only six days after they had been cut down; whose nostrils had been filled with the smoke of battle from a corps headquarters' rifle range, and who had once got up to a brigade headquarters on a paragraph-trooping mission. Right up!

No.....if there was no longer a front line to go to, "Front-Line" Charlie would hold out at least for a job associated somewhat with the various thrills which had gripped him in the navel region throughout the Italian campaign. Nothing less would be considered fair exchange for his battle rompers.

Well, he got out all right, and while welding the maple leaf of his Sussex and Surrey Star onto his discharge button, he made up his mind not to rush into things. There would be plenty of time to cast about for the proper occupation for a man of his stature. Hadn't a displaced three-pipper lectured on orientation during the stay at repat. depot? That's what he'd do. A bangup job on reorientation!

★

So for some months he lived on his gratuities, which he distributed more or less evenly among several taverns, where his tales took him not only to the front lines of every major Allied offensive of the pre-atomic war, but behind the enemy lines, too, especially when the evening mellowed. He suffered some mental anguish, of course, at not being able to work in Hiroshima along the line; but, nevertheless, his special powers as a raconteur soon became the envy of even the oldest and sweatiest of the old sweats. And the young army cadets hung on to his every syllable.

But, while his yarns mushroomed each day with each additional measure of suds, his gratuities went the other way. So one day he picked up a newspaper and saw where the ten big Nazis got theirs in the most sensational necktie party ever staged. He envied that hangman his job. It had dignity and class and was not too possessive of a man's time. To his mind it was very much like the war itself: long periods of boredom, punctuated by moments of intense excitement, like that fellow once said. Just what he wanted! And he knew how to quench those long periods of boredom.

The very thought of winning such a sinecure for himself goaded "Front-Line" into action. He started out by neutral-

izing a little boredom by spending the last remnants of his gratuities in setting 'em up by way of celebration.

Next morning, with a nervous octopus in his stomach (that old pre-battle feeling coming back, he told himself) he saw the D.V.A. But in less time than it takes to dodge a mortar, he learned the worst.

So sorry, they said. There were no on-the-job training facilities for hangmen! Not that there was any discrimination against servicemen in this field. Just no facilities. That's all.

★

Bent but not broken, his hopes dashed but not entirely shattered, "Front Line" stayed home and dreamed. Occasionally he went up to the local radio station and begged with some success for them to play a special sound-effects recording of the noises of battle. On these occasions he would weep watermelon tears, and he would dream some more. No gratuities. No job. But he could dream!

His dream took him to far-off battlefields and he wandered around those battlefields again—after the mines had been cleared away, of course; and, also, after the front had advanced about 50 kilometres—again, of course. When the front had moved that far ahead, he had always liked to walk among the rubble like a pillbox stormer and make believe he was a real frontliner.

During those happy and sad and dark and light days in Italy, he had always pondered the problems of the Italian farmer. Once he witnessed with his own eyes the complete disintegration of a dairy cow which had innocently set off a land-mine in an uncleared field. All that was left was half a horn. Poor cow! In subsequent telling, at the height of his gratuity grandeur, the cow became a Hun platoon; but at the time his heart went out to that cow, and he shuddered to think what would have happened to a buxom hoe-wielding signora, if she had chosen to wield her hoe over that same spot.

At that time, too, he could picture himself returning to Italian soil after the war to solve his rehabilitation problem. He would solve it by setting up a huge warehouse of land-mine detectors which he would obtain from War Assets Corporation, and he would peddle them from farm to farm like a vacuum cleaner salesman. What a killing he would make, he thought!

However, he now dismissed any notion of this sort with a flourish, for he had read somewhere that the Italians followed too low a standard of living, and had too high a standard of dying. Mine detectors might not go at all. Might be too high class. Too revolutionary.

One day, "Front Line" recalled one of his most nerve-shattering experiences... watching through binoculars from the protection of a deep slit trench, some of our medium artillery blasting away at the enemy, who were only 12 miles away. And he recalled how, while crouching low during a lull in the firing, he had observed an earthworm cultivat-

ing its way through the rich earth. He had spent a lot of time watching that worm, he had become so fascinated with it.

Suddenly it hit him!

This might be his salvation!

Why not start an earthworm farm? Farmers would buy them to improve their soil. He could start off lightly in the basement of his home, and then, with sufficient backing, he could expand and wriggle out as Worm King of a new financial empire. Such a sure-fire idea. And so simple.

Simple? Why, before "Front-Line" could dig up a can of worms from his garden to get the ball rolling, a Wartime Prices and Trade Board investigator was on his tail. There were a few details to be ironed out. It was an unusual case. No precedent. Was Mr. Charlie a primary producer? How can we put a ceiling on earthworms? Will you sell them by the piece or by the pound? The investigator said he would confer with his superiors and would be back. Then other thoughts tore at "Front-Line" like a machine gun. How could he be sure of rapid multiplication? Were soft music and low lighting in order? . . . Hell! He went into the house, picked up a fishing rod and the half-can of worms and headed for his favorite creek.

When last heard of "Front-Line" was writing away to a large American travel agency for a job as conducting officer for Cook's tours of European battlefields. He thought of the idea, one night, when he fell down an open manhole after leaving the annual reunion of the Base Wallah Association (Italian Division).

★

As "*The Maple Leaf*" (Canadian Army newspaper) columnist who brought "Front-Line" Charlie into the world, I think I can say with pride that those who followed his adventures in Italy will wish him every success in his new venture.

He was made out to be a self-styled hero who performed acts of negative proportions when compared with the men who slogged and took cover under Heinie's nose; but his effect on frontline morale elevated him to heroic stature.

"Front-Line" Charlie lived in the pages of the Italian edition of *The Maple Leaf*, and poked his head from under cover once a week to tell every Canadian on the battlefield just how far forward he had been. And what "Front-Line" said was so ridiculous in face of what his live counterparts were undergoing at the actual front, that his words boosted their own achievements, and life appeared not so bad after all.

When Canadians were up to their necks in the mud of the Moro Valley, "Front-Line" bragged: "Was 'way up forward today. Look! Got my boots muddy." And when the Canadian infantryman who hadn't been able to change his underwear for two weeks read that, he howled.

"Front-Line" Charlie became part of soldier-talk. Even colonels are reported to have said jokingly, on occasion: "Don't recce across that road. Might get your boots muddy. Like 'Front-Line' Charlie." And the fellows in the most forward slit trench would chide someone a few paces behind by calling him a "Front-Line" Charlie.

Charlie's sayings were measured to fit into events at the front. Once, when a lot of our fellows were being picked off by German snipers, during a static period, and our own snipers were doing a fair job on Fritz, he said: "I'm tired of this rear area stuff; I'm going to take a course in 50-mile sniping."

"Front-Line" Charlie didn't happen by accident. He was always with us. Just like bully and hardtack, he was there in the Mediterranean theatre of war and in all theatres of war. It just required someone to open the tin.

We were gathered around, one night, a group of war correspondents and Public Relations Conducting Officers, when one of the correspondents said: "Harold, why don't

you add a character to your *Shell Burst* column? The kind of a guy who is always telling the others how brave he is, when the others have been at least ten miles ahead of him in action all the way. Everybody will recognize somebody in his own unit, whether it is a forward infantry battalion or a base unit miles behind the fighting front, as a 'Front-Line' Charlie. We have them among us, too. They start their stories by saying: 'I was there.'"

The rest was easy.

A fellow who'd go to Naples on leave after months of hell, couldn't get a word in edgewise for a Naples-based lad who would occupy the floor telling about the one air-raid he went through at the harbor front.

The fellow at Naples, too, would probably have a fine collection of Lugers, Schmeissers and German binoculars. These trophies were, of course, originally collected at the front. The men who took them from the Herrenvolk would probably be in need of some ready cash to see them through their leave, and would sell their hard-won arsenals. So it was, that when the Canadians were beginning to get their first leaves to Naples, "Front-Line" Charlie said from his corner of *The Maple Leaf*: "Ya gotta get forward to get things. Here, see this Luger? . . . Cost me only 800 liri."

RUFFLED BEAUTIES

C. B. Cochran, London's counterpart of Ziegfeld and Billy Rose, has a beauty chorus of 40 young ladies—and they were 40 very indignant ladies recently.

Object of their wrath was a certain printer.

Great posters advertising the show and the Beauties—500 of them—were distributed and displayed, some outside the theatre itself, before a Horrible Mistake was discovered.

Instead of "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies and Chorus of 40" the posters read: "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies of 40 and Chorus."

A Message to All Newly Discharged Servicemen

CIVIL life has its booby traps, too. Be careful. Be on your guard against plausible strangers with plans for spending **your** hard earned gratuity, **your** Victory Bonds, **your** savings. Be on your guard against "friendly" tips on sure things, and schemes to double your money. And if you decide to embark on some new enterprise of **your** own get **all** the facts and weigh them—in advance.

Talk your plans over with someone you trust and whose business judgment you respect. If you think we can help, call on the manager of any branch. He will feel privileged to help you in any way he can.

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Told for the First Time

Kas Island Fiasco

As told by her brother,
F/O T. L. McCLOY

to Mrs. Rubena Wenzel, Big River, Sask.

"TWO volunteers are required for a dangerous secret mission with full view to recognition.".....

Such was the message that came down to 80 Squadron from R.A.F. headquarters in Cairo, near the end of September, 1943.

At that time we were stationed between Tobruk and Benghazi doing from dawn-to-dark readiness duty in shifts of three with two Spitfires to each shift. Sometimes, if we were lucky, an enemy 'plane would venture too close; but usually if they guessed there might be a Spitfire fighter anywhere near, they just turned and fled. Anything that looked as if it might offer more excitement was to be jumped at, so, of course, we all volunteered. By some stroke of luck, I was one of the two chosen to go, along with Flight-Lieutenant Ward.

Up until this time I had had quite a bit of action. Arriving in England in 1941, I had volunteered for service in the Middle East as, with most of the fighting being in that zone at that time, we all hoped for some good scraps. We spent five long weeks on the water, having to go around by the Cape, because of the danger of a Mediterranean crossing. We had our feet on land at one place, Durban, where we gloried in delicacies we had not tasted since leaving Canada: ice cream, fresh fruit—and bright lights, not a small item after the black-out of England's cities.

I was with 123 Squadron, an R.A.F. squadron. On the same ship was the City of Windsor (R.C.A.F.) Squadron, which was the only all-Canadian squadron to serve in the Middle East.

We arrived without mishap, although it was rumored that two ships of our convoy had been struck, and there was much speculation whether it was by enemy action or one of our own mines. It happened just right off the Cape, and one of the crippled ships was right in our wake, which caused a strong undercurrent of excitement on board our vessel, the *Orangu*. However, we heard that they had been able to put safely into port.

We proceeded from Durban on the *Mauritania*, unescorted, with about 10,000 on board, airforce and army personnel. The heat was stifling on the Red Sea, and we used to lie sweltering on deck watching sharks and porpoises rolling and manoeuvring on the shiny surface. We docked at Port Trufeck, and from there went by motor transport to Ismailia.

There was a shortage of aircraft, and our squadron could not be supplied. So several of us were transferred to the Air Delivery Unit. This meant ferrying planes (Hurricanes and Spitfires) from the assembly plant at Takoradi on the Gold Coast across the jungle to Cairo. It was very hot; in fact landing one day, at one of our refuelling depots at Wadi Halfa in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, the thermometers were registering 126 degrees, and the refuelling boys insisted that care had to be taken in handling the gasoline as the heat of the metal of the plane under the blistering sun's rays would ignite it. I quite believed them, for I reddened my arm just leaning against the 'plane.

Big Dakota transports took us across to Takoradi where we would each be assigned an aircraft, and be navigated back to Cairo by a two-engined bomber. It was on one of these flights that McKerrol, one of the chaps who had come out with us in 123 Squadron, went down in a storm and was never heard of again. The storms used to be extremely violent and it was often difficult to keep in formation and not stray from our guiding plane. Several 'planes were lost in this way.

Many of the pilots made only two trips; but I was lucky enough to complete the third. It was on this last flight that an incident occurred which was later to prove disastrous to myself and a fellow pilot, Les Smathers, of Mirror, Alta., who had also come out with 123 Squadron. Grounded by bad weather at Fort Lamy, in French Equatorial Africa, Les and I decided to try a bit of jungle hunting. Engaging a couple of native guides, we crossed the Chari River and followed them trustingly looking for game. We weren't very lucky, seeing nothing but pheasants to shoot at. As dusk fell, we were trying to get some of these by using tracer bullets. Feeling that it was time we were getting back to camp, we suggested to our guides that we return. We thought we had been hunting in the near vicinity of the river, but to our surprise found that our guides had led us about seven miles into the thick bush away from the river. Fighting mosquitoes, we finally reached the river about ten o'clock. The mosquitoes were in clouds and we were well chewed by the time we reached the river.

We continued the next day, and when we reached Cairo were both posted to 80 Squadron, then camped near Alexandria. Les and I shared a tent with one other chap. We had been there only a few days when we both took sick; but, as fevers and passing illnesses were quite common, we decided to stay in our tents and try to pass it off. However, after five days in which we grew steadily worse, the doctor was called in, and diagnosed our cases as malaria! We certainly paid in full in the next two weeks for that hunting trip, as we suffered all the miseries of the fever. After being discharged from hospital, we spent three weeks at a rest camp at Tel Aviv, a beautiful modern city in Palestine.

★

On the night we returned to our squadron, the big drive started at El Alamein, and we could hear the heavy artillery barrage and see the bright flashes. From then on we began to see all the action we wanted as our unit moved up through the African campaign. We lived under canvas, often moving up so quickly that our kits never caught up with us. Although we were not as badly off as the infantry men, our comforts were few. Sand was everywhere; in our eyes, our hair; between our teeth, in our clothes, and even in the food. You just couldn't keep rid of it, it sifted into everything. And water was scarce. The retreating enemy had salted many of the wells and supplies were limited. More than once I shaved (when I shaved) in left-over tea. For a short time I transferred to 92 Squadron on a call for replacements, flying under Squadron-Leader Morgan. Our squadron was

the first aircraft over Tripoli in the Allied advance. I was then transferred back to 80 Squadron, doing dawn-to-dark readiness.

Answering a call, one day, I had luck. Diving down through a cloud I saw a Junkers 88 right below me. Apparently he was quite oblivious of the presence of my aircraft. I opened on him with my cannon, and he burst into flames and headed out to sea. Following him out, I saw him gradually lose altitude and finally crash in flames into the water. It took a great deal of detailed explanation before I was credited with the "kill", and then only because the radar crew had heard the fading signal of the Ju 88 while mine was clear.

Funny, the Jerries would never believe that a Hurricane could shoot them down; they would say, "Spitfire—yes! Hurricane—no!" But I was flying a Hurricane the day I got the Ju 88.

Then came the call for volunteers for the "dangerous mission."



We went to headquarters in Cairo, and there, along with volunteers from several other squadrons, we were given our orders. Morgan, who had been Squadron-Leader of 92 Squadron, was Wing-Commander in charge of the operation.

The plan was that we go to Kos Island, a small island in the Dodecanese group of islands, then belonging to Italy, and there set up a small air base with a view to intercepting German transport planes whose route took them across the corner of Kos Island. Our ground crew was made up of air commandos, and a Commando unit was to go in ahead and prepare a landing strip.

We were given our 'planes, eight Spitfires, at Cairo, and we flew up to Haifa, where we stopped for three days getting our craft conditioned. On our last day in Haifa, not knowing just how long we were going to wait there, I took the opportunity of a fine day and flew back to Derna for Ward's and my cots which we had left behind. It was a beautiful day and a perfect trip flying over the coastal shores of the blue Mediterranean but, so far as our cots were concerned, we didn't use them, for orders came for us to fly on to Kos that evening.

We left Haifa airdrome in the late afternoon, landing for refuelling at Cyprus. From there we flew on to Kos, going in on "the deck", low over the water so enemy radar couldn't pick us up. Just at the first grey streak of dawn we set our Spitfires down on the narrow landing strip on the beach of this small island.

As we never were to see the island from the air in daylight, I never did know the extent of it; but the encampment was on a sandy beach at one end. Heavily wooded hills stretched inland from our station.

We quickly taxied our craft off the strip, and concealed them in bays constructed of sandbags, and well camouflaged with the branches of the shrubbery which bordered the beach.

A South African squadron, the only other aircrews in this operation, who had landed in the previous afternoon, soon informed us that, as many other secrets of the war had seemed to leak out, so the Jerries had apparently known all about the planned landing, and had bombed heavily up until about an hour before we arrived. We had been lucky to land when we did, as we learned later, from bitter experience, that the only lull in their activities came during that hour before dawn. We were also lucky that the landing strip had escaped any major hits.

Unfortunately, this luck was short-lived. The bombers came with the first glimmer of dawn, hardly giving us time to get our 'planes concealed before they were overhead. They were using both Messerschmitts and Stuka dive-bombers.

One of our boys got his 'plane off the strip in an attempt to intercept some of the raiders, but he never got to any alti-

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tude before he was shot down in flames. The pilot however managed to parachute safely back on the island.



During this early morning raid, one large bomb made a direct hit on our runway, about 250 yards down. The island was an inferno all day, as we lay crouching in our slit trenches in the bush, watching the continuous bombing, and waiting for nightfall.

We all knew that the operation was a dismal failure, as we would never get a 'plane off the field in daylight. Now, the pressing problem was to repair that runway, and make our getaway.

It was a funny thing; hopeless as our situation was, unable to fight back, our runway badly damaged, and a German landing imminent and inevitable, we never felt at any time that our end had come. The one thought uppermost in our minds was a frightful anger, and a feeling that sooner or later we would get our revenge.

There was only an hour's lull in the bombing that night—that hour before dawn. During it, we went feverishly to work trying to fill in the bomb crater in the runway; but the time was too short and we hadn't nearly finished when the bombers were back overhead. For another day we ate hard rations and hid like rats in our trenches, hoping that our 'planes would not get a direct hit.

It was ironical; there we were, huddled together in the trenches, bombs screaming down around us, one of our 'planes in the sea, another smashed up on the ground, the others of no use to us for combat as we couldn't take off, even if we had been daring enough to attempt to, because of the damaged runway—and yet we could listen to first-class opera from high-powered stations in Europe, on a small radio "Sparks" had set up in his foxhole!

Night fell. Towards dawn came the lull again. Something desperate must be done. So we went to work to build a ramp just ahead of the crater that would either lift the 'planes clear over the hole or lift them off the runway. It was a hairbrained idea; but our only hope. Time was precious; everyone went at it.

The ground crews had been taken off during the night by a destroyer, so there was just ourselves to do the work. Anything we could lay our hands on was used: sticks, stones, sandbags, logs, and a final covering of dirt. Then we wheeled out our 'planes in the race with the sun and the Jerries, who would be back overhead any minute.

In close succession, we took a desperate run down the 250 yards of runway to the ramp. One plane was off; then another, neither one touching the runway after it leaped off the ramp. Then it was my turn. Heading down that short 250 yards, I pulled my throttle open and raced towards the ramp. Good old Spit! I was off—the wheels hadn't touched again after our leap.

We flew, by arrangement, low over the water, landing at Cyprus. The first two chaps had landed when I put down, and together we watched for the others. All six of them made it, and great was our celebration.

That afternoon we flew to St. Jean airdrome, at Haifa, and Operation Kos was over.



Sometime later, I met Squadron-Leader Morgan (he had demoted to get back to a squadron) as he was posted to 274 Squadron to which I had been attached since the Kos adventure.

He told us an almost fantastic tale of what had happened after we had taken off from Kos Island.

It had been his 'plane which was smashed up in the raid, and Hayter had lost his in the air. So they had been left behind.

With great relief they had stood in the half-light of the approaching day and watched the last Spitfire zoom off the ramp and fly towards Cyprus. Armed with a Sten gun and revolver, they stayed to play with fate for their lives. No sooner had the last 'plane lifted than several German soldiers ran into the clearing from a fringe of bushes at the far end of the field. They had made a landing on the far side of the island, and had walked the half-mile across to where the airstrip was located. They reached the clearing just in time to see the last 'plane leave.

Concealing themselves quickly in the trees, Morgan with the Sten and Hayter with the revolver began shooting at the surprised Jerries, who scurried for cover. Then began a dash as Hayter and Morgan scrambled for safety to the far end of the island where it was heavily wooded and rocky, the Germans in hot pursuit. Crossing a clearing, dust was leaping around them from the flying bullets as the Germans tried to stop their flight. Hayter turned occasionally to take a revolver shot at the pursuers, but Morgan said he didn't feel inclined to waste any time. Morgan, a master storyteller, added all the details to make a humorous yarn of that race.

They managed to elude the Jerries and lay in hiding until dark. Then finding an old deserted log shack, they proceeded to make the best raft anyone had ever made an escape in. They carefully whipped the logs together with lacings of green branches, making sure they were securely tied. Their work completed just before dawn, they decided to launch their craft. To their dismay, they found it too heavy to budge! There was no time for alterations or delay, so forgetting about their mastercraft, they shed their heavier outer clothes and swam toward Turkey. The three miles was a strenuous swim, but they made it.

From then until they reached Palestine about six weeks later, they hid out with herders, and managed to disguise themselves, even though they were both decidedly blond. They darkened their too-fair complexions, borrowed clothing typical of the country, and edged their perilous way through Turkey and Syria, travelling mostly at night, and often sleeping all day burrowed in a haystack.

Finally—almost like a fairy tale which just couldn't be true—there was Morgan, Squadron Leader of the 274th Squadron, doing strafing operations in Italy! He was later shot down, and we heard that he was a prisoner of war in Stalag 3 in Germany.



Newspapers never printed the story of the Kos Island defeat.

All that came out in print was a small announcement that it had been rumored that some landings had been made in the Italian Dodecanese Islands, with no particulars, no confirmation or denial.

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REGINA, SASK.

The Three of Us

By Lieut. LEO MERGLER

DEDICATION



**I very humbly dedicate these lines to Derrick Gibsone. The last time I saw him was somewhere in Italy. Leaning out of his tank turret, his face bronzed and alive, he shouted: "I'll see you in Rome, Leo." Now he's a name on a white cross, and a vivid memory to those who knew and loved him.*



Fiendishly hidden. Diabolically hidden. Maiming, Killing. Bastardly mines. Mines.

We hit them.

The three of us.

And suddenly they roared their shattering death-cry. Like mammoth vultures. Ate deep into us. Ripped us to pieces. And suddenly satiated were stilled.

And we lay in grotesque sprawled attitudes. Maimed and dying.

And the rich soil of France grew richer with our blood. Sucked our blood into it like a leech. Sucked, and sucked. And we laid our sobs on the vast expanse of bosom of the still night air.

The three of us.

A rabbit dashed through us. And painted its paws the scarlet red of our blood.

Suddenly the heavens changed. And in their typically kind fashion pelted our wounds with a bitterly militant hail. Which made dying so much harder.

I crawled to Irving and felt over him with my hands. And touched the bleeding stumps of his legs. And felt the hole in his guts. And the sticky stump of his left arm. Gave him a shot of morphine. Tried to stop the bleeding. And bandaged. And wished to all hell he'd die.

The three of us.

Me.....Isaac Katz.

Irving.....black.

And Johnson.

And I became weak and sick. And puked. And fell in my slop and Irving's blood. And couldn't move. And it was in my mouth. It was in my soul. Forever.

I crawled over to Johnson. And he was okay. Fine. Except that he was blind. And screeching like a madman. And crawling all over, feeling for his Tommy to blow his brains out. Screaming. And crying. And feeling for his Tommy to blow his brains out.

Johnson couldn't find his Tommy, but did the next best thing, and banged his head on the ground until it struck a mine. And blew himself to smithereens. And covered me with some of his ideals.

At the sound of his death the hail stopped. The clouds disappeared into nothingness. And Irving's silent moaning became Johnson's death chant.

The three of us.

I crawled back to Irving. Placed my jacket under his head. Mopped Johnson's brains from his face. Looked at him in the vividly bright moonlight. And became a million years old. And watched him die. And wept. And turned to watch the sun rise in the east.

And the flaming ball of red turned its face to Irving. And showed it to me peaceful in death. And white. No longer black, but white.

For the first time I knew the meaning of the words—"All men are born equal."

—Queen's Commentator

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War Had Its Personal Side

To Each His Own

By Flt./O. Emily Waldram, *Estevan and Winnipeg*

A W.A.A.F. friend now in Germany writes.....

"It is a large lake, very similar to Windermere. We had tea at the Officers' Club, perched high among the trees and reclining upon the side of a hill. One is impressed by the loveliness of the surrounding countryside. The lake, I am told, was dammed about 1912, and the power-station erected the most modern of its time. Upon it depended the electricity and power for the successful operation of the industrial Ruhr Valley. As you know the valley supplied the demoniacal implements of destruction which enabled Germany to push out the tentacles which were to be so effectively amputated by the Allies. "The dam ran across the lake for approximately a quarter of a mile. It was apparent to the military authorities that a bomb dropped at an angle to ensure penetration of the two walls would cause greater devastation than one lighting from above. Hence the decision to make it a daylight attack. It was a chance in a million and it came off. The Germans themselves readily admit it was perhaps the one individual feat of the war which did more than anything else to win it for us and lose it for them."

Wing-Commander Guy Gibson, V.C., wrote a magnificent page in British history with his exploit of the dam. His was a glorious war.

There are others too whose deeds have been recorded for posterity, and whose "individual wars" will inspire future generations.

There are men whose bravery and devotion to duty are known only to their friends; who will be remembered and talked about only in intimate circles for years to come.

For each it was his own war.

Two men, who enlisted together, who waited and fought side by side for five years, would not tell the same story. Their paths crossed, as the channels followed by individuals in the same unit invariably came together only to diverge again. Each pair of eyes saw something the other missed; each heart beat differently when suspected danger crept silent in nearby woods; each mail brought letters which left varying imprints upon the recipients.

For this reason, I feel competent to write about one person's war: the war of one who was just another number in the official records—my war!

I left a Canadian prairie, which was also the last memory of the First Division. A dust-weary sky. A non-productive earth habited by souls who clung tenaciously to one precious possession—Hope!

THE SETTING

Farewell to Canada and hail to a kingdom and scenes which memory conjures for my delight. Everywhere there was beauty. Tiny villages dropped indiscriminately among the pocket-handkerchief fields. Tiny parcels of earth bordered with hedges, and separated by lanes. Bluebell woods. Snowdrops peeping shyly through the leaves, and announcing the advent of spring. Gardens where the profusion of blossoms was always present, changing hue only with the

passing seasons. The lochs and highlands of Scotland; the luminosity of the Hebridean hills. By contrast, the effeminate beauty of the English countryside permeated with imperturbable calm and peace. The isolated and lovely valleys of Wales whose mountains cast loving glances upon the waters of the Severn and the Wye. The south coast which I know so well, and from whose cliffs I watched, fascinated, as the sea performed its various roles. Lastly, London. A city whose magic is associated with the theatre, parks, the ballet, and Albert Hall. Western eyes feasting upon Shakespearian and Shavian scenes. Acted by men who are peers in the art. The words of Shakespeare were written for the English tongue. They fall like music upon the ear. Poignant memories and nostalgic longings crowd in upon one if one dwells too long upon happy scenes.

This is MY war and though the above was always with me I must pass on to—(if I may presume to consider it so)—

THE ACTION

Radiolocation ("Radar" after the entry of the Americans into the war) was a magic word in 1939. A compound of iron railings encased towers which rose gracefully upwards, and created a stir in the villages for miles around. Few were aware of the huts which nestled beside them and in which there was perpetual darkness and vigilance. A newcomer was aware only of the shapes of bodies seated around tables on which rested illuminated maps; of telephones and headsets; persons speaking in unintelligible symbols to a central filter room.....and of one individual seated before an enormous receiver gazing intently at a large moon-like surface upon which was to be seen a horizontal line of light with fragments of brightness darting downwards. There were countless gadgets, too. The conversation usually ran thus:

Visitor.... "Whatever can the operator make of that?"

Supervisor.... (Time permitting):

"There are about 200 of our planes going out at approximately 10,000 feet; there's a solitary fighter patrolling along the coast, and at precisely this moment there's an incoming raid. The Jerry planes are about 150 miles away. There are only six at heights varying between 20,000 and 22,000, but if you stay, something of interest might develop. You may even obtain a visual as they pass over the station. We hope, of course, our fighters will do something about them before they cross the coast. The entire picture is being plotted on the maps and the information being passed to a central Filter Room near London. Officers there pass it to sectors, and the pilots are in the cockpit. Incidentally the Filter Room provides us with the identifications."

Visitor (feebly): "Oh! And WHAT....?"

By this time the supervisor was more interested in the incoming parade.....

The Battle of Britain: sitting on an island off the south coast—a favored spot. It was there I first fully appreciated the quiet courage which never seems to leave the British in their darkest hours. Partnered with a sense of humor, it is unconquerable. From the cliffs we watched the "few" dis-

perse perfect formations, and account for the fifties, eighties, and the hundred plus which dropped from the skies. Inside, we plotted the Jerry 'planes as they circled above their 'dromes on the other side of the channel, and set course for our shores. We noted the number which moved inland.

Exciting days. Breathless, prayerful moments as a bomber dived over small vessels.

Usually the ship held its own, but occasionally only a ripple remained on the surface as the intruder made off for France.

Admiration for the miniature boats which returned our men from Dunkirk. Delight that a nearby searchlight was never quite put out of commission. Infinite respect for the Home Guard, which awaited an anticipated German invasion—equipped to the hilt with guns (frequently without ammunition) and such farm gadgets as would create the greatest impression. In free moments, my friends collected souvenirs. I haven't any. A stray sunbeam led me to a piece of gold—a ring. Around a finger. An R.A.F. finger.

The Hun became interested in Radar stations, and ours received as much attention as any of the others. That, as no one was killed, we thought rather splendid. We were deemed worthy of special visits! I shall always remember the fluted tin helmet a W.A.A.F. removed from the head of one of the R.A.F. by putting her knee against his shoulder and pulling! And the joy of being able to say my uniform No. 2 (dreadful cut!) had gone up with the transport!

★

The pattern of the war changed. The enemy decided upon nocturnal visits. Scientists gave us sets which enabled the crews more quickly to check the position of the enemy 'plane with respect to that of our own. Speaking contact was also maintained with our pilots and the controller was able to direct him towards his target. The thrill of hearing the pilot shout, "Contact!", and the pleasure of seeing a faint moving away of part of the brilliance. One packet which would not fall on British soil.

All was not elation. There were dark, foggy nights when the Hun flew over in unhealthy numbers, and the elements made it impossible for our 'planes to intercept. Subsequent landing would have been impossible. We plotted them in. As they groaned overhead, one felt, that by extending an arm upwards, one could stroke the fat roundness of the bomb. I was on the mainland now. The illuminated nearby city spoke of the concentration of the attacks.

Fate was propitious. She permitted me a few months on the east coast during the period of the thousand bomber raids. The moving outwards of Halifaxes, Lancasters, Canadians and R.A.F. We wished them luck as they passed beyond our radar view, well over a hundred miles away, and we anxiously awaited their return at the same range. The following morning, the B.B.C. would announce, "A few of our aircraft is missing."

A brief sojourn in the Hebrides where Coastal Command performed nobly, followed by a return to the south coast where, in addition to aircraft, the movement of ships was also being recorded. U-boats, E-boats, dinghies, approaching storms, were added to the list of things to be seen.

1944 and D-Day. Another south-coast station. Two months of watching the manoeuvring of hundreds of our own ships, and working with crews always on the alert for anything which might attack by air or sea. Long hours, little sleep and a permanent tension in an air electric with expectancy. Then it happened. Thousands of men moving from the shores towards an unknown. Hundreds of gliders skimming overhead. It was a twenty-four hour day. One was too excited to sleep. There was too much to see; too much to do. One was a parcel of conflicting emotions: pride in those who were on their way; sorrow in the realization that many would not return, and an overwhelming happiness that the last phase was not a thing of the future. The success which crowned their efforts tells its own tale.

London and flying bombs. The guttural intonation of mechanical weapons. As the London comedian said: "Praise the Lord, and keep the engine going!" When it stopped, and the tail-light went out, you pulled the sheets up a little higher. I remember one passing over, re-considering, going into reverse, circling for a few minutes overhead, and then, as an afterthought, deciding to follow its original course. Faulty workmanship somewhere.

The season passed. Rockets arrived, and announced their presence afterwards. A giant's voice which could be heard ten miles away with no diminution in volume. But the city carried on. Men still read their morning papers on the tubes, and might, if the raid warranted it, be overheard remarking: "Rather noisy, last night!" the rejoinder invariably, "Yes", or "Not in our neighborhood". Either terminated the conversation.

V-E and V-J days found us being carried by the crowds in front of Buckingham Palace and trekking in the wee hours back to the St. John's Wood Mess. A never-to-be-walked distance, except at the conclusion of almost six years of war. With which we say "Farewell to Britain", and

"HAIL TO CANADA"

The captivating call of a train whistle. Montreal and its shops. The West. Blue skies. A land habited by a people filled with hope. Food. Interesting food. Realization that we are a wasteful people. We have never suffered enough or done without.

Shameful instances of untouched and half-eaten meals being left. Contempt for food which is just a memory to Europeans.

This lesson we have yet to learn. For the rest, Canada's effort was spontaneous, vital, and effective. Her sons contributed their share and well. Therefore, this we know, as an A.R.P. warden (who had just removed a tiny infant from amongst the debris which had been a Children's Hospital) remarked to me: "There must never be another show like this one".

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Encounters of an Escapee

The Personalities Live

By Norman McLean, D.C.M., *Regina*

LOEWENSTEIN was the name that occurred to me; Henri Loewenstein.

A queer name, you'll say; and he was that kind of a guy. Queer.

I thought of him the other night, as I read the review of a War book, written (the book, not the review) by one of those truculent U.S. police reporters whom war converted into War Correspondents. You know the type: self-assured, self-assertive, know-it-all. Ingersoll in minor key; or Elliott Roosevelt, with a lesser father.

The review started on a note that drew from me ready response:

"And now it all seems farther back than my childhood.' He had been recalling war experiences—a man I knew in the Navy, whom I ran up against unexpectedly the other day.

"We had not met since—when was it?—'44? Yes, '44. And—where was it? That started us recalling Tubby and Mossy, and who was that fellow who....?

"And then he stopped suddenly, and muttered the words I have quoted."

★

Reading that started me thinking. It is so true. The events themselves grow ever the more remote—though not so remote in memory as recollections of childhood. But the personalities live. Yes, the personalities live!

★

And Loewenstein's name recurred to my mind.

Remembering it, and recalling him, it followed naturally that I should recapture, from that not-so-remote past, the strange concatenation of events that pitched a Palestinian Jew into close association with a prairie-born-and-bred Canadian.

I should like to tell you about Loewenstein. He was a type; a character. In the telling, I shall have to say something of my own part in the shaping of those events; that part, I hope, you will consider incidental to the main theme: personalities. And Loewenstein, of course.

Loewenstein, though a Jew, could (and did) pass for a Frenchman. Originally from Palestine, he had lived much in France, and for a time had made his home in pre-war Danzig. Like many of the wanderers of his race, he was polyglot, being particularly fluent in colloquial German. I, prairie-born (as I said), could add only a smattering of Cree to my mother tongue—and neither had much value for escaped prisoners in a Nazified Europe dominated by and from Berlin.

Only in the topsy-turvydom of war, and in the cosmopolitanism of a prison camp, could two such diametrically opposite types as Loewenstein and I have been thrown into close association, I guess.

★

We met, behind the wire, in Stalag 8B, Lamsdorf, Germany.

That was a month or so after Dieppe.

It seems to me, looking back, that thoughts of escape first flashed across my mind as I sat watching the last of the rescue craft, dangerously overloaded, recede slowly from the beaches at Dieppe. As I awaited the inevitable round-up of the marooned, the thoughts began to crystallize into determination that, sooner or later, I would make a break. As we were herded in the cattle trucks that were to bear us into captivity, I vowed the Boche would not hold me long. And by the time we had crossed the Rhine, I had convinced myself it would be so.

Committing these random thoughts to paper now, I see in them a mingling of the fatuous and the foolish. Contrasting them with the actual events, they appear childish, inchoate—but that was because they were based on entirely imaginative presumptions.

To me, then, escape meant a sudden dash for freedom when the Jerry guards relaxed their vigilance momentarily: an opportune moment; a quick mad rush to nearest cover; a daring series of evasive tactics in which I outwitted a whole army of pursuers; the timely intervention of some beauteous agent of the Underground, and, finally, safe arrival in some friendly or neutral territory through which passage to England would be easy and assured. In short, a sequence born in romance and nurtured by Hollywood.

★

In actual fact, escape for me came after tedious weeks of careful plotting and planning; of slow, painstaking organization; of tough, back-breaking labor; of continual rebuilding and reshaping of seemingly foolproof plans. For ever and anon word percolated back to us of hazards and eventualities, unforeseen and unprovided for, which had proved fatal to some who had preceded us "beyond the wire". Yes, in the preliminaries, it was sheer hard, plodding work, replete with disappointments, alarms, and setbacks; nothing of the romance or glamor to it that imagination had conjured.

Romance and glamor were projected into it, it is true, but only in retrospect. The nervous tensions and the almost unconquerable fears which were our daily portion, banished all but the immediate emergency from our minds.

I mention these matters merely as introduction to Loewenstein.

★

Shortly after arriving at Lamsdorf, I became a member of the Escape Committee of the Camp; Loewenstein was a "key" member of the organization, I might almost say "the" key member.

★

Loewie had been captured in Crete, serving there with remnants of the British garrison after the fall of Greece. During his period of confinement in Lamsdorf, he had made five different breaks from working parties, in none of which had he enjoyed more than six or seven days of hunted, harassed freedom. Twice, though, when making for Sweden, he had got as far as Stettin on the Baltic coast. On the second of these occasions, he and his companion were deep in the

hold of a vessel about to sail for Gothenburg, when Gestapo appeared on the scene, with dogs. Tear-gas bombs had forced the pair from their hiding-place.

After that incident, our British M.O. rigged up masks that could stop tear-gas, at least for a short while.

Loewie was returned to camp, a marked man. We soon learned through the camp "grapevine", that the Jerries intended to shift him to a Straflager—one of the tough P.O.W. camps intended for habitual escapees.

★

That news worried us, for Loewie was essential to our organization. Upon his skill of hand, the success of our venture largely depended. With Loewie gone, our chances appreciably diminished. For he was our expert forger. The guy had an amazing knack of reproducing German print; could write letters in the official jargonese that absolutely defied detection, even by the trained experts of the Gestapo. His passports and permits to travel were letter-perfect.

I know. I used specimens of his handiwork. Successfully.

Loewie, then, had to be preserved to us at all costs. That was a "must."

In desperation, we consulted the M.O.—a wily type; explained our need; asked his co-operation.

Loewie immediately reported sick, and was promptly hospitalized.

So far, so good. We sat back awaiting the Jerries' next move, keeping Loewie's subtle hand constantly employed.

★

In due course, guards appeared at the hospital demanding that he be turned over to them.

■ The doctor argued that his patient had a serious chest ailment which required hospitalization, and a considerable amount of care and attention; that to move him to a Straflager in his present condition would be tantamount to murder. The matter would have to be reported to the Red Cross, of course. A week or so, it might be all right.

The Germans, impressed, though harboring suspicions still, agreed to a week's grace. They insisted, however, that, at the end of the week, if the doctor still proved obdurate, Loewie would be examined in a German hospital by a German doctor. But—if the latter confirmed our M.O.'s diagnosis, the patient would be returned for further treatment. Sooner or later, however, he must go to the Straflager.

Our doctor knew his stuff all right. The Germans *did* find something wrong with Loewie's chest, and, true to their promise, he was returned for further treatment.

We kept Loewie busy during the second period of grace, and, in the meantime, we had slipped some of the chaps through our tunnel. The demand upon his skill and ingenuity was heavy and continuous; but the Germans were becoming impatient. His chest was clearing up, and the doctor warned us he could not stall them off much longer.

Again we went into a huddle with our M.O. who finally declared that the only way to keep Loewie in hospital was to invent some new ailment requiring the extraction of all his teeth. He would begin with the lowers, taking out a few at a time to fool the Jerries, and save the uppers for some later emergency.

Heroic measures; but they had to be. And Loewie was game.

★

Loewenstein still had some of his own teeth left when he and I, one October day in 1943, slipped through the tunnel in our bid for freedom. We were the last of thirty prisoners to use the tunnel in the space of one month.

That first breath "beyond the wire" was ample repayment for the tremendous exertions that had gone to the construction of the tunnel. So resourcefully had the previous breaks been covered up, so ingeniously had adit and exit



How Labor Laws Help

THE VETERAN

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Saskatchewan Department of Labour

Hon. C. C. Williams
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W. K. Bryden
Deputy Minister

been contrived, that, despite the frequent searches made by prison and S.S. guards, even by agents of the Gestapo, the tunnel had escaped detection.

Other tunnels, at other camps, had figured in massed escapes numerically exceeding ours—and have been more publicized in consequence. But none, so far as I have ever heard or read, was used more than once; certainly none was used as often as ours; and none, so far as I have been able to learn to this day, escaped discovery so long.

For ours was used over the period of a month, by thirty prisoners of war, in three groups of ten. Breaks were made at the rate of one a day, two men at a time; with irregular intervals between each group of ten.

And—each escaping prisoner was armed with all the paraphernalia of escape, including letters, permits, visas, passports and other documents to fit the particular circumstances—all the produce of Loewenstein's skill, and all bearing official stamps, or reasonable facsimiles, forged by me. But all that, and the shaping of the tunnel. . . . and the stratagems by which we diverted attention from it and our escaping comrades. . . . form the matrix of another story. I'll tell it some day.

★

Loewenstein and I emerged on freedom's side of the wire, shortly after noon. I had some difficulty pulling Loewie through the tunnel. The vitiated air below ground seemed to aggravate his chest ailment. Though a sentry box stood less than forty feet away, we stood erect at the exit, brushed the earth off our civilian clothes, and turned to wave a farewell to the men by the huts who covered our emergence. They took snapshots of us as we moved off, those men upon whose tight-lipped loyalty we knew we could depend. Great guys!

★

You would imagine that the ingenious Loewie, with his knowledge of German an invaluable asset, would be the

ideal companion on a prison break. Strangely enough, I did not think so. I knew he was capable of taking the wildest chances, but his "escape" record did not impress me. I had a hunch that he gave up too easily. And I have a notion that it was his perpetual hunger that weakened his resolve. He craved freedom, all right; but food! That craving was overwhelming. Loewie did like to eat. More than once, his appetite nearly proved our undoing.

★

There was, for instance, the occasion when, on the night-train from Breslau to Vienna, the urge of his stomach all but betrayed us—and we were saved solely by the skill of his hand.

The train was crowded, closely guarded, and routed straight through to the Austrian capital. None was allowed to get off at way stations. We boarded the train at the tail-end of the crowd, and, as luck would have it, were stuck squarely in the aisle. With the constant coming and going of travelling Jerries, we were exposed to all kinds of attention.

And, of course, it was not long before Loewie's stomach started an insistent clamor he could not resist. He pulled out a carton of Kraft cheese (which Germans never had!), and some raisins (which the Jerries seldom saw!), and proceeded to munch. I launched a vicious kick at his shins, and muttered a fiery caution. Nobody seemed to have noticed Loewie's lapse, however, and we slipped into troubled, uncomfortable sleep.

How long we slept, I cannot recall. But my awakening was startling in the extreme: seven-foot of Gestapo towered over me, prodding my shoulder.

"Wake up! Wake up!" the visitor growled in a harsh German.

I roused myself, muttering incoherently.

"Passport," he demanded curtly, hand outstretched.

That brought me up short. I hesitated.

"Up!" he cried. "Criminal Police."

That was enough for me. I reached for my papers, taking the opportunity to kick Loewie awake. I needed him at that moment: he could talk the lingo.

The guy seemed satisfied with my passport. He returned it and demanded next my permit to travel and other documents. You could not travel fifteen miles in central Europe, those days, without permit and covering letter. Of course, I had such a letter; Loewie had written it. Mine explained that I was a skilled engineer, French, being transferred from Breslau to Vienna.

These papers, too, passed scrutiny with flying colors. They were handed back with the strict injunction to report to the Gestapo on arrival at the Austrian capital.

Now it was Loewie's turn. Loewie was white as a sheet. You see, he was travelling as a Czech—and Czech was one of the few European languages he did not know. Should the Gestapo agent question him in it, the jig was up for both of us. With bated breath, we watched the big Boche anxiously.

Finally, his eyes left the papers, fixed themselves on Loewie, scrutinized him all over. Then came a quick harsh query fired in unmistakable German. The relief was sudden, and obvious. Loewie fired back glibly and easily. His spirits had risen perceptibly; he had the situation in hand.

That all happened around 6.30 a.m.

Two hours later, as we neared Vienna, we had another dose of the same medicine, from other representatives of the Gestapo—less gigantic than our earlier visitant, but just as forbidding. This time, we were better prepared for the ordeal, and survived in even better trim. Quite elated with our success so far, we reached the once-famed capital of Austria.

★

Yes, the personalities live!

★

There was, again, my Hungarian guard in Budapest. Another queer type.

TOGETHER IN SERVICE

- CANADA SALUTES THE SERVICE GIVEN BY HER YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN, IN THE LAST GREAT STRUGGLE. MAY THE YEARS TO COME FULFIL THOSE CHERISHED HOPES YOU DREAMED OF.
- THE HOTELS ASSOCIATION OF SASKATCHEWAN HAVE A SERVICE TO RENDER TO YOU AND IT IS THROUGH THIS ORGANIZATION WE HOPE OUR SERVICE WILL INCREASE YOUR COMFORT AND HAPPINESS.

The Hotels Association of Saskatchewan

Shortly after establishing contact with Col. Howie, the British agent in Buda, I was advised to give myself up to the Hungarians rather than run further risks of being kidnapped by the many German operatives about. I was told in advance, that I would be interned—but that the internment would be purely nominal; that I would be assigned to work for some nice people with an estate near the Yugoslav frontier—but that the work would be purely fictional. I was instructed on duties I should have to perform (which included spotting of troop movements to and from the Balkan countries) for the British authorities with whom the Colonel was in contact.

I gave myself up through the Swiss Consulate, and in due course was marched away to barracks, an internee, by an unarmed guard. Later, I was given the freedom of the town, so long as I was accompanied by the special guard assigned to me. This chap had a business of his own, seemed always to have plenty of money—and a constant itch to spend it. Together, well-dressed in new civilian clothes, we did the town; went to shows; visited beer parlors, even night-clubs. And once, he took me outside the city to a roadhouse famous for Czeganny, or gypsy, music.

There, we toasted each other in excellent wines, until my guard began to feel exuberant, at which stage he called the orchestra leader and informed him that I was a Canadian soldier, escaped from the Germans. All through the night, thereafter, the orchestra would turn from a wild gypsy strain to play "O Canada", or from a soft Viennese waltz to render "God Save the King".

I marvelled at this desire to honor Canada and Britain, but even more at the reckless disregard it showed of the fact that our countries were at war.



I ran into much pro-Allied sentiment in Budapest. I was at a loss to understand it, until one day, word came to the barracks that Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent,

desired to see me. Accompanied by my guard, I marched down to the palace, and was formally presented to the Admiral.

He welcomed me as if I were a somebody.

"You will be fairly well-treated here," he assured me.

I muttered something in reply that, being a soldier, I didn't like the idea of being interned. In any case, Hungary was not a neutral country. Were not Hungarians fighting our Allies, the Russians, on the eastern front? Had not Britain declared war on Hungary?

Yes, that was true, he agreed. Hungarians were fighting against the Russians; but Hungary did not consider herself at war with Britain. Oh, no! Britain had declared war on Hungary; but Hungary had not declared war on Britain!

That was a piece of sophistry I could not quite understand. But it seemed to justify his friendliness—and who was I to gainsay that?

With further assurances of fair treatment, he told me I would have the freedom of the town, wherever I might be sent in the country.....and the interview was over.

Who could have asked for more?



Yes, the personalities live!

There was yet again, the girl in the department store at But that, too, is another story.



After the "All-Clear", the girl said: "Erbert, you shouldn't kiss me like that, with all those people about, even in the dark."

"I didn't kiss you," the lad protested, angrily looking around the crowd, "but if I knew who did, I'd teach him!"

"Erbert," sighed the girl, "you couldn't teach him anything."



WHY NOT FOREST FARMS?

WHAT IS A FOREST FARM?

A forest farm is an area of land devoted, primarily, to the continuous growth of merchantable forestry products, providing an annual crop yield.

PURPOSE

Mainly, such farms can serve to perpetuate the province's supply of timber; assist in conservation; provide additional work and serve in the rehabilitation of youth.

TO ENSURE SUCCESS

Forest farmers must provide protection from fire, insects, disease and other damage; harvest regularly on a planned system; practice selective cutting and trimming so as to encourage new growth of trees.

Steps are being taken, by this Department, to investigate the feasibility of Forest Farming in the forest belt of Saskatchewan.

AN ACTUAL CASE HISTORY

"A 1,000-acre forest farm was started in Carthage, North Carolina, in 1931. In the beginning, the area contained 1,738,515 board feet of pine and hardwood.

"From 1931 to 1942, a total of 1,136,720 board feet were removed.

"In 1942 the area still contained an estimated 3,422,573 board feet of timber.

"In eleven years the growth of timber had averaged 260 board feet per acre.

"With continued planting, cutting and trimming on a systematic plan, the area should increase its yield to at least 300 board feet per acre."

Reference—Colin G. Spencer
Carthage, North Carolina

THE DEPARTMENT OF NATURAL RESOURCES

Hon. J. L. Phelps
Minister

C. A. L. Hogg
Deputy Minister

Mediterranean Episode

Fire and Water

By Leonard H. Riddle, *Liberty*

QUIETLY, even majestically, the group of merchantmen comprising the convoy steamed eastward at approximately seven knots an hour, the speed it had maintained, doggedly and persistently, since leaving England.

Two nights before (on July 2, to be exact), the ships had passed Gibraltar, entering the western gateway of the Mediterranean sea.

It was now Sunday, July 4th.

The day started out as just another of those fine sunny days for which the Mediterranean is renowned the world over.

Aboard ship, the troops considered it just another day at sea, except that Church Parades were ordered for the morning. That's how many of us knew it was Sunday.

The various denominations were allocated different parts of the ship for their services, and the men, each in his own way, sought to avoid attendance by conjuring all manner of duties and excuses—as has been the way of the Army from time immemorial.

By noon, the Church Parades were over, and the men settling down in expectation of a quiet duty-free afternoon. For those immune to seasickness, life aboard a troopship can be very pleasant. They are seldom bothered with guards, fatigues, and the other chores so heartily detested by the fighting-man. Unfortunately, however, on every troopship there are some who cannot look on heaving water without becoming sick, or taking to their bunks for the duration of the voyage. Those poor souls usually find themselves the butt of all the crude jests and jokes the more seaworthy can throw their way.

By mid-afternoon, the wind had risen. The sea became choppy. The sky, too, clouded somewhat, but there was no threat of a storm; just enough wind to make good sailing weather. Unfortunately, it made good weather for enemy underwater craft as well.

The men sprawled about the decks, engaged in their various diversions. Many were naked but for a pair of tropical shorts: these were the sun-tan devotees. Others sat in shaded parts of the vessel, playing poker or shooting craps. Others again lolled, a book beside them; or contentedly watched the panorama of sea and ships.

★

The afternoon passed quietly. But for the break for the evening meal, the same routine was followed until about eight o'clock. At 8.15, when the western sky showed its first red streaks of sunset, the order came that no more smoking would be permitted above decks, and that all lights would be blacked-out.

By 8.30, the sun slid down astern into the western sea. By 8.45, the brief twilight had passed, and we were gathered into the darkness of another night afloat. In the Mediterranean, as in the tropics, twilight passes quickly.

Beyond the rail, the sea appeared a dark heaving mass, upon whose bosom the huge grey transports seemed to glide like so many ghostly shadows. Many of us remained on deck watching the beautiful and fascinating phosphorescent wakes of the ships as they ploughed through the water. It was very quiet, and peaceful.

By 9 p.m., the fellows were beginning to settle for the night. Some strayed to the mess to wait for the B.B.C. news from London. Others took to their bunks, to read or sleep as the mood dictated. I was one of those who retired. I lay idling through the pages of a book.

Suddenly, and all-unexpectedly, there came a crashing, thunderous roar. The ship seemed to lift right out of the water. The force of the explosion threw me from my bunk, and the next thing I knew I was lying under the bunk on the opposite of the cabin, nursing a lump on my head that had not been there before. By this time, the ship was listing heavily to port; her engines had slowed down perceptibly. Everything was dark; a real black-out. It was eerie; frightening. Then, suddenly, the emergency lights were switched on, and we felt a little better.

None of us knew how seriously our ship had been damaged, but, without waiting for orders, those who could scrambled for their emergency stations and the open decks. Often as we had practised this routine, we had thought it mere waste of time: nothing could happen to us! We would never have to abandon ship. No. Others might; but us, never!

I headed for the upper decks, there to await further orders.

Reaching my station, I could see that some of the boats and rafts already had been put overside. Cries from the water informed us that a number of the men already had gone overboard; some, indeed, at the rail when the explosion occurred, had been blown into the sea. A few others had panicked when the torpedo struck, and had jumped immediately. I still wonder why more of us didn't jump right away, for our ship (gross tonnage of about 8,700 tons) was loaded to the gunwales with every conceivable type of ammunition and explosive.

The scene on deck seemed compounded of lurid nightmare and a horrible, yet enthralling, movie. A huge hole (which could not have been less than twenty feet across) gaped where the torpedo had struck. One hatch covering had been blown completely away, and a ten-ton landing barge lay gnarled and twisted into a mass of useless metal. One of the starboard lifeboats had been smashed to smithereens.

Eerie and lurid against the dark of the night, flames skyrocketed from the burning and exploding ammunition; a terrible sight, but unforgettably beautiful as the varicolored flames seemed to tinge with fire the crests of the waves. A triumph in technicolor...if Hollywood could reproduce it accurately.

The flames enabled us to launch lifeboats and rafts with almost daytime speed. Yet the light had its disadvantages, too. One of the first boats away was some hundred yards from the vessel before the men in it were able to unship their oars. As this was being done, the boat rose from the trough of a wave. At that same moment, one of the ship's gunners, still at his post, mistook the uplifted oars for the superstructure of a U-boat, and opened fire.....

When I first stepped aboard this troopship, the "*City of Venice*", I could not swim, nor had I any idea how a person operated his legs and arms in order to swim. Perhaps for that reason, and the additional fact that I was thoroughly

scared, I was one of those who stayed behind to help get boats and rafts away. The order to "Abandon ship!" came fifteen minutes after we were holed; I stayed on until 9.35—thirty-five minutes after the torpedo struck.

I went over the side as the last boat touched the water, with nothing to hold on to but my life-jacket.

Until that time, I had little faith in the type of jacket issued to us. I had seen one tossed into Glasgow harbor, and, as far as I could see, it sank like a stone, never to come up again. Of course, that may not have been the fault of the life-jacket; I have heard, from various sources, that anything can happen in Glasgow harbor!

As I went over the side, I saw that I had to drop twenty-five feet to the water. I tried to jump far enough from the rail to clear a scramble-net. At the very moment I jumped, another explosion caused the ship to lurch and settle lower in the sea. In consequence, I wound up hanging, head downward, with both feet entangled in the net, some eight or ten feet from the water. After strenuous exertions, I was able to free myself and drop into the drink.

Misfortune still dogged me. I hit the water, but also hit some of the floating wreckage. It stunned me, so that I knew nothing of what happened immediately thereafter. Later though, I learned from some of my shipmates, that twice in the space of a few minutes I was pulled aboard a raft only to slip back into the sea. After being twice rescued in this way, again in the water and unable to help myself, I was given up as dead. In fact my friends reported me as drowned.

I have no idea how long I floated around before regaining my senses, but it could not have been much more than ten minutes. I came to this conclusion because the rafts, boats and the convoy seemed to be in very much the same positions as when I had last seen them just before leaping from the ship. The Naval escort was about a mile away dropping depth-charges and anything else that would tend to the discomfort of the enemy.

★

When the coolness of the water revived me, I began a series of intuitive motions. Greatly to my astonishment, I found that I actually made progress through the water. It was the first time I had ever been able to swim, and the sudden knowledge that I could came as the most pleasant surprise of my life.

I trod water for a moment, to take stock of my position. I found that I was close beside the ship, but had drifted nearer to the stern.

The next I knew, I was caught in a current and pulled toward the rudder and propeller. The current seemed to pull me sternwards and then down for what, at that time, seemed to be hundreds of feet. Then I had the biggest fright of that awful night. Caught in the sweep of the giant screw I was whirled round and round in the water—up, down, up, down, and powerless to resist. Lucky for me that much of the speed had gone from the threshing screw, due to engine-failure; otherwise, I would have been cut to ribbons.

I don't suppose I was under water for very long—but it was much longer than I cared for, or would like to experience again. When finally I did come to the surface, luck seemed to have veered in my favor, for there not six feet off was a small raft not more than four-feet square, with ropes on its side to hold onto. That tiny raft was already overcrowded with three men; but on a raft, there is always room for one more.

★

Again came that ecstatic knowledge that I could swim. A few strokes, and I was clinging to the raft. The first man I saw was a lance-jack from my own regiment; the second, a young Irishman from the Engineers, and the third, a Lascar from the ship's crew. They looked as if they too had had tough going, and were prepared for more.

Our only hope of surviving lay in getting as far as possible from the burning, and now sinking, ship. So we held on to the

raft, and with free hands and feet tried frantically to paddle clear. Work as we might, we found we made absolutely no progress. This caused us to investigate, and we found that the raft was still tied to the ship by a heavy rope. We cut our craft clear with a knife, and were soon able to put an appreciable distance between ourselves and the burning transport.

While we drifted about, we could see a rescue boat picking men up from the sea. Twice we were passed by, when rescue seemed sure. Disappointment began to weigh heavily upon us—disappointment and fear. Suddenly, the young Irishman (he could not have been more than eighteen) broke down and started to cry, raising the wail that we would be missed completely. The Lascar joined the chorus, crying even louder to "Allah the Almighty", who, in his mind, had our destinies in His grasp. It did not take long to get me fed up with their dim view of our future; so I told them to keep quiet, or I would gladly see to it that neither one of them was picked up alive. They kept reasonably calm after that and perhaps in the exertion of paddling they forgot their preoccupation with their own fate. Later, the Irishman was to thank me for saving his life by thus threatening to do him in.

★

It may have been from thirty-five to forty minutes after leaping from the ship that I was safely aboard the raft; but it seemed a lifetime. I do know that, while in the water, I got quite a few bruises and scrapes. This happened, I think, when a second ship in the convoy was torpedoed. She was about a mile away, and, as soon as hit, she started to burn. It may have been this blast, or the blasts from exploding depth-charges, that caused the bruises. I am not certain which. I do know, however, that I felt as if I had been thrown roughly against a stone wall.

Anyone who has had the experience of being cast adrift on a tiny raft will agree that, regardless of a man's previous religious beliefs, he learns then (and in remarkably short time) the way to prayer. And, whether the prayer be raised to God or to Allah, every word of it will be meant. Aboard our tiny craft, I heard the Lascar pray to Allah and (though I can speak only of, and for, myself) I am very sure the other three of us prayed each to his personal God.

Those prayers must have been answered, for, along past midnight, a small Navy rescue-tug edged to a nearby lifeboat, and then turned in our direction. About 1.30 a.m., those aboard her tried to throw us a line. At the first two attempts, we were unable to catch it; the third heave proved successful. After that, it was easy to climb the wood-and-rope ladder to the low deck of the tug.

The tug, *H.M.S. Persistent*, was of no more than a hundred tons. Nevertheless, so overjoyed were we at reaching the safety of her decks, that we would not have changed her for the *Queen Elizabeth*. After riding our crazy raft, that tug was steady enough underfoot for anyone.

An hour and a half after we were hauled from the sea, the search for survivors was abandoned, as there seemed to be no more boats or rafts about with men aboard. *Persistent* circled the two burning ships, then headed off on a course that was destined, the following morning, to fetch the ancient port of Algiers, one of the gateways to North Africa.

★

So ended what some people might call an exciting adventure. To us who had lived through it, however, it was no less than a hideous nightmare destined, in future months and years, to be the cause of many sleepless nights, of rude awakenings, and of unpleasant memories.

Yet, after such an experience, I still can thoroughly enjoy a sea-trip. I can recall that, as a boy, I often wished that some day I might be able to go to sea. Always there has been within me a profound respect for those who make their living from the sea. Now, I am sure, I shall entertain always an even deeper and stronger respect for sailing men, whether they go down to the sea in little ships or big.



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The Elusive Peter

She was the quiet, studious type; prim rather, and apparently, emotionally stable. That's what made it so surprising, startling even.

A Flight-Officer, R.A.F. "Radar", she was on night duty with a mixed man-woman crew at an English south coast station. She, with others of the shift just relieved, was snatching some shut-eye on the floor pending the next tour. All was quiet. Still.

Suddenly, the crew at the gadgets heard a soft sleepy voice from the floor say: "Turn over, Peter!"

In the stillness, it sounded clear, arresting, as the clap of thunder.

Surprised, shocked a bit, the duty personnel turned. Yes, it was she: the prim, the quiet, the studious, the emotionally stable one, had muttered in her sleep, "Turn over, Peter!"

Eyebrows raised. Married? No. Secretly, perhaps? No. Oh..h..h..h!

Came the hour for relief. The sleepers were awakened.

The off-goers assailed her: "Who's Peter?" "Who's this guy, Peter?" "Who's the secret pash, Peter?" "And aren't *you* the sly one!"

The girl, emotions completely in control, looked interested, but not abashed; certainly not embarrassed. Nor did she protest her innocence; nor indignantly virtuous or virtuously indignant, attribute the outrage to their "nasty minds."

Instead, amused, she kept repeating: "Peter?..... Peter?..... I don't know any Peter!..... Or do I?"

Her brows were knit, corrugated with thought; straining thought.

For she had read Freud.

"Peter?... Peter?" with growing bewilderment, but still without protest, she quested, groping for the elusive "Peter."

Then....."Oh!" she screamed, and her laughter shrilled almost hysterically.

"Oh.....Peter!.....I've got it!...."

Peter, it appeared, was a mosquito.

Yes, a mosquito!

The girl (it turned out), before being seconded to Radar, had been attached to a tropical disease laboratory engaged on malarial studies. One of the mosquitoes employed in the experiments she had christened, "Peter".....

There seems to be a moral in this story. Figure it out for yourself.



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THREE MEN OF MYSTERY

By F/O. George Kozoriz

THEY were men of mystery these: Kessel, Jacomini, and Berheim.

The mystery surrounding them had all the men of 226th Squadron, Tactical Air Force, R.A.F., guessing. Hard.

We, of Special "C" Flight, with whom they flew, worked and messed, saw dimly through the veil, but could not quite raise it. What we learned we picked up by intuition; by putting two and two together; by simple process of deduction. The direct approach got you nowhere with these chaps.....even during the intimacies of a pub-crawl.

We started our build-up from a fairly sound foundation: we knew their job. It tied in with our own. For "C" Flight operated independently of the Squadron (which flew Mitchell bombers), being assigned to special duties such as maintaining contact with the French "underground", gathering information on troop and train movements in Occupied France, and noting damage done by our bombers.

Kessel, "Jacko" and Berheim, with two others of the same ilk, operated the "Daisy" sets used for picking up info. from ground contacts equipped with special radio sets previously dropped to them.

These contacts, most of them French Maquis, had been organized by the British over a period of three years. It was our job to maintain touch with them. Because of the nature of our operations, it was necessary to have men with complete command of French on the communication end. Even more essential was it that these radio men should be Maquisards, well informed as to the methods of that organization, and enjoying the confidence of the ground contacts.

That much we knew from the start. We very quickly deduced, therefore, that our mystery men were of the Maquis. Nor were we much surprised when one bright lad broke the news to us that they had escaped from France with prices on their heads. That was easy to believe, seeing these earnest, silent men move expertly about their business. What they had done in the French "underground", how they had been spirited to England, we could not say because they would not talk. We suspected, however, they had been flown out for this particular job.

Captain Joseph Kessel was the chief man of mystery. A big, grim, tough-looking type, he was never known to smile; had wrapped himself in a crustacean-shell of silence impossible to penetrate. Yet it was through him, though not from him, that we came to know the greater part of the story. For Kessel was a literary cuss—and a damned good one, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

He came to the squadron in June, 1944, a black-avised guy of forty-five or thereabouts. Yet nearly a year had elapsed before the mystery surrounding him, and with which he surrounded himself at our Hartford Bridge base, was solved or partly solved.

In the mess, one day, I happened to pick the "Sunday Chronicle" off the newspaper rack. I sat down for a little relaxation, when suddenly I let out a yell: "Hi, fellows, look here!"

There, staring at me from a two-column cut, was the face of Joe Kessel! Three columns of the paper were devoted to a eulogistic review of his latest book, "Army of Shadows".

Kessel tried vainly to suppress the paper when word of its contents reached him. Soon it had been read by every member of the mess, and a wave of suppressed excitement swept the base as the "Chronicle" passed from hand to

hand. Excerpts quoted from this authentic story of the origins and activities of the Maquis enabled us to piece together something of the background of Kessel and his mates. Stern stuff, these Maquisards!

From the review, we learned something of Kessel's own story. He had been an observer in the French Air Force during World War I, and had been decorated by Marshal, then General, Pétain. In fact, he had won France's three highest military awards: the *Medaille Militaire*, the *Croix de Guerre* (Premiere Classe), and the *Legion d'Honneur*. Great as these achievements were, they were matched by his literary ones. His first novel, "L'Equipage", published when he was twenty-five, had been a best-seller in France. Before he was thirty, he had written three more novels, and had received his country's highest award for fiction—the *Grand Prix du Roman* of the French Academy. He had been, too, the youngest D.L. at the Paris Sorbonne.

A war correspondent before, and in the early days of, World War II, Kessel went "underground" at the fall of France, and worked actively against Vichy and the Nazis. Things became too warm for him, so, with a price on his head, he fled through Spain, reached England, and joined the de Gaullists. That's how he came to be with us.

Jacomini ("Jacko") was much younger than Kessel, infinitely more human, more like one of ourselves. He had been a sous-lieutenant in the famed Foreign Legion, and, though he wore R.A.F. uniform, while on duty, invariably donned the more decorative garb of his unit on more auspicious occasions. He was a gay bird on a party, a boon companion on a pub-crawl, an interesting conversationalist generally; but never a word of his Maquis activities crossed his lips. He, too, had literary leanings: her name was Ryan—authoress of "Steppes of Russia".

Andre Berheim, though not yet forty, had snow-white hair, the legacy, presumably, of horrific experience in Occupied France. He had been "something in the French Movies", and a close friend of Charles Boyer. Indeed, in one of his more expansive moments, he showed me a fountain pen, the gift of Boyer in 1944, on the birth of Berheim's son.

Looking back, I consider it a privilege to have known these men, however casual the acquaintance, however fragmentary my knowledge of them. I hope, some day, Kessel, Jacomini, or Berheim will produce a book of their experiences before and after they came to us, that the last rack of mystery may be dissolved.

When France was liberated, the three left the Flight, their places being taken by members of the Belgian underground. In due course, the tide of battle swept into the Netherlands, and Dutch chaps took over the job. But none left so indelible an impression on the impressionable youth of the Squadron as the original Three. These grim figures, with their aura of mystery, will recur to the mind's eye, full many a time and oft in days to come.

Kessel, Jacomini, Berheim—modern version of Dumas' famous trio.

When workmen were digging in the bomb-damaged north cloisters of the British Houses of Parliament, they discovered two skulls, one that of a young woman or child, which are believed to date from the 15th century. At that time the cloisters were used by the canons of St. Stephen's which was then the private chapel of the Palace of Westminster.

Who's lucky?



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Provincial President's Message



WALTER W. WHELAN
Prince Albert

President Saskatchewan Command

THROUGH Unity we won the war; it is through Unity we will, and must, win the Peace.

Round the conference table, first in Paris, now in New York, the solidarity of purpose that knit the wartime Allies in their efforts to defeat the common enemy seems to be rent and broken. It may be that, in our disappointment at the slow progress of negotiations, we tend to over-emphasize things said in the heat of debate; it may be that we exaggerate the bicker-

ings, the disagreements, the failures, and the apparent tendency for the nations to split into two irreconcilable factions. Whether that be true or not, the skirmishes for position and the clashes of opinion have been most disquieting to the common people of all nations who ardently long for Peace—a just Peace, and enduring Peace, backed by something more reassuring than pious phrases and gaudy verbiage.

Unfortunately, there is not much the common people of the world can do about it on the conference level. They have committed themselves, more or less, into the hands of the diplomats and of the Governments who direct the actions and inspire the speeches of the delegates. Yet, while the diplomats grapple with the problems, and search for the formula which may resolve the difficulties, the common people throughout the world share one great hope—that there shall be no more war; that out of the turbulence and strife around the conference table may come Peace, with justice, security and opportunity for all. This may come only when the unity of wartime is restored among the great powers.

Yet each of the nations, Canada included, emerged from the war with new conditions to meet, new internal problems to solve. Just as Unity within made possible the gigantic war effort of the Canadian people, so Unity today is needed if we, as a people, are to overcome the problems and difficulties of this post-war period. Unity is essential to victory in our struggle for the internal harmony, for the social and economic security, our wartime efforts and sacrifices deserve. It was for these, and for the freedom so to direct our affairs, that we fought and strived.

The Legion has its part to play in this great struggle for solidarity of purpose at home. The Legion's motto is "Service": service to our returned men and women who dared so much, and who deserve so much from us; service to our communities; service to our province; service to our country. Nor should we forget that, as members of the Legion we are associated in the wider sphere with the British Empire Service League, "The biggest British institution that exists."

Canada paid a high price for freedom in two World Wars. Thousands of our finest young men gave their lives for that cause. We must see to it that they have not died in vain. Thousands more are maimed and incapacitated as result of their service. We have a duty to see that they receive all possible consideration. Thousands yet again find their lives dislocated by the upheavals of war. We must see to it that they are given every help toward rehabilitation.

Unity amongst the veterans of both wars is essential to ensure full and complete consideration of the problems of the returned men and women. The Legion, a national organization enjoying remarkable prestige, presents the means of attaining veterans' unity. The doors of its branches stand open to receive the new veterans. We urge them to come in with us; to share the responsibilities and the duties we have assumed; to join with us in making the Legion united and strong, for that way progress lies. We shall be proud to welcome to our counsels those young men and women who have already demonstrated their capacity to serve in war and in regained civil life.

As President of the Provincial Command, and on behalf of my colleagues of the Council, I extend warmest greetings to all ex-Service men and women, and wish them all happiness and prosperity in the year which lies ahead.

A GI from Philadelphia, stationed in Virginia, frequently was heard to express his admiration for the local girls. Asked one day why he found them so attractive, he replied, after a moment's thought: "I think it must be their Southern accent."

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A Bennett "Bum" With

Dutch Underground

By F/O. James Frame, D.F.C., Senate, Sask.

Our Contributor writes:

"I have a story, here, I think well worth the telling—not that I fancy myself as a writer, or have any notion that I can do it justice. However, as I let my saddle horse fall and break my leg, I have time on my hands. So here it is—with all its imperfections."

I AM at home on a farm two miles north of Senate, where, it seems, nothing ever happens. And I think back to the Spring of 1942, when I first put on the uniform of an A.C.2 in the R.C.A.F.

I had taken a pre-entry course for pilots or observers at Regina, and, from there, went to Brandon for basic training.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened to me until I finally got back to Regina I.T.S. There, I was washed-out as a pilot, so asked to be posted as an air gunner. I went to Macdonald, Manitoba, and passed the gunnery course, receiving my wing on December 29, 1942, just seven months from the time of enlistment. I arrived overseas on February 4, 1943.

We disembarked at a small Clyde port. All the fellows were in high spirits despite a rough crossing on the *S.S. Andes*.

Our first station was Bournemouth, England, which prior to the war had been a noted winter-resort. We remained there until March 2, and, as there was not much doing, we were posted to a refresher course in Wales. I was then posted to an O.T.U. O.T.U. is the place where you first fly in aircraft that can be sent on Ops. It is there that one gets crewed-up. We were flying Wellington (two-engined) bombers.

I flew with quite a few pilots before a long-geared Flying Officer asked me if I would like to be his tail-gunner. All I could stammer was, "Yes, sir."

A little sawed-off Pilot Officer with him grinned from ear to ear when he heard this.

"Drop that 'sir' stuff," Bennett (the F/O) said, "and meet Bill Baker, our navigator."

Bill (the P/O) grabbed my hand in a warm clasp, and I felt among friends. Later, I met Gus Davies and Elmer Rodgers—our bomb-aimer and wireless operator, respectively; and soon we were planning a party in the village pub to get better acquainted.

That was the beginning of "Bennett's Bums".

★

We were, I think, a pretty good average crew in the air, and a happy-go-lucky lot on the ground. We were recommended for four-motor jobs before doing even one trip over Germany; so we went to a Conversion Unit and started flying Halifaxes. We also picked up Vern. Joel, as mid-upper, and "Jock" Henderson, as engineer. The two fitted right in with the rest.

A few more parties cemented our relationship before we were posted to 408 Squadron, and did our first op. on June 25, 1943. Bennett had done a couple of trips over as second pilot, and he kidded us into believing there was nothing much to it.

The first trip, we took off at 11.25 p.m., with every man in the crew wondering if we would ever get back to old England again. We went in to the target in the fourth wave. Ahead of us, a kite was shot down by flak or a fighter; I didn't know which. I spotted one enemy fighter, and reported it. Bennett did some evasive action, and I started shooting. I missed the blighter by a mile, and he turned tail; so we went through and dropped our bombs. The shells from the A.A. guns came close enough to bounce us around considerably, but we made home without a single hole in the kite.

That made all of us feel better; we knew we could do it. Luck, we felt, was on our side, and nobody could change our opinion.

Three times we went back to the Ruhr before our confidence got its first jolt. We were running in on Gelsenkirchen. Gus had his target indicators lined up, and just as he said "Bombs going", there was a hell of a crash, and the skipper said, "We're hit!" The next second, Jock Henderson yelled, "Fire in the rest position!"

I could not see what was going on, but the skipper ordered, "Prepare to bail out!" There was a small fire in the wings, also, so things were anything but comfortable. Rodgers and Jock mustered all the fire extinguishers available, and proceeded to fight the fire. I asked the pilot if I could help. "No," he said. "You stay where you are, Jim. Every fighter in the sky can see us."

He put the 'plane into a dive, and went down from 19,000 feet to about 10,000. Somehow, this drop managed to put out the fire in the wing. I don't know how long we messed about with the fire, but pretty soon came the cheering word that everything was under control. Then I heard Bill's voice: "Say, Gus. What's this?"

"It's a bomb!" came the startling reply.

It transpired that we had been hit by eight 7-lb. incendiary bombs. Luckily, only one exploded in the kite, while the one in the wing had done scarcely any damage. The starboard side was riddled with six big holes.

Bill navigated us home without a light, his only instrument a compass.

We landed at East Reatham in the grey light of dawn, and old Mother Earth felt mighty good to all of us. The aircraft was sent to the factory for repairs, and we returned to base by train. To wind up, Gordon Bennett got immediate award of the D.F.C., and Rodgers the D.F.M. As the whole crew got a week's leave, everyone was happy.

★

RETURNING to our station, we did one more trip with 408 Squadron, and then were recommended for Pathfinder work. Given the option, we decided to make the change as a crew, though it meant changing from Halifaxes to Lancasters. We had a real respect for the "Hally" by this time.

Unfortunately, we lost Jock at this stage—stomach ulcers—his place being taken by Jack Reece, a Welshman. Some more training, some more examinations successfully negotiated, and we were posted to 405 Squadron. Training there was rigorous; we all had to train, for they would not trust a Pathfinder crew out, if one member appeared weak. We did about four trips before we were allowed to mark a target.

We wound up our first tour with eleven trips to Berlin; all tough enough. We were Primary Blind Markers by this time, and went in first on most raids. We were now used to coming home with holes in the kite. In fact, once we came all the way on two engines. We had plenty of fights with enemy night-fighters, and Vern had earned the nickname "Killer". The members of the crew were almost inseparable, and, after two weeks' leave, all signed on for a second tour.

The second tour differed little from the first. We knew our jobs, and what to expect from one another in a tight spot. We went back to the same old targets, until strategy changed, and we started on the railway yards of France, Belgium and Holland. We were M.C. on a few of these trips; that is, we told the others where to bomb. It was a hot job; but our luck still held.

The day came when we had only two trips to make to finish our second tour. That done, we would all be home as fast as we could. Gord. Bennett, our skipper, actually had completed his tour, having done two extra trips as second pilot, and could have quit had he wished. I'll never forget the remark he made, laughing, when it was put up to him. "I'll not leave my boys," he said. "We've gone this far together, I'll see them through."

★

The target, that night, was Aachen. We had never considered it tough. But as we ran in, that night, the bomb-aimer reported an aircraft below. Then Gus yelled, "He's shooting at us!"

I could hear the bullets hitting the kite, but I could not

see the 'plane in the dark of sky below us. Bennett put the craft into a steep dive to port, and I saw the fighter about six hundred yards to starboard. I sent a burst in its direction. A second later, it had disappeared, and we got back on course. We went through to the target, dropped our bombs and markers, then headed back home over Holland.

We were about twenty minutes from the coast, when Gus reported another aircraft below, in front. "He's shooting at us!" Gus cried, and about two seconds later the aircraft appeared on our port. I swung my guns to shoot, and got in a short burst at point-blank range. Then everything stopped.

In the silence, I heard Bill say: "Do I have to go?"

Then Bennett's answer came: "Yes, bail out!" A short pause. Came the order: "Everybody bail out!"

Wow! There I was, my turret unserviceable, the guns pointing to port, the doors opening to starboard and the wide open spaces. To top all, my 'chute was in the aircraft!

Somehow, and quick, I had to turn that turret back central to get my 'chute before I could bail out. I threw all my strength on the controls; but only for a split second. I still had my manual handle, and as I started turning it, I prayed.

After what seemed hours, I got the doors open, and reached for my 'chute. I snapped it on my harness (as I had often done in practice), then started to wind back to port. At last I made it, yelled, "Tail-gunner going, Skip!" threw off my helmet, and let go of everything. I reached over and pulled the ripcord. For a second, I thought the 'chute had caught on the kite—but a moment's reflection told me that was impossible, my turret being behind the tail. I looked up to see what held me, and there was my 'chute opened out like a big friendly umbrella.

I looked down, and suddenly realized my boots were missing. I guess they came off when the 'chute opened.

Well, I was "Missing"; next day, my folks back home



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would get the wire. I could not think, however, that they would believe me dead. . . . and I certainly had no thought of giving myself up to the Germans.



AS THESE thoughts flitted through my mind, I suddenly hit the ground in a nice green wheat field. I sat down fairly hard, the 'chute settling about me. Remembering instructions of the Intelligence officers ("Hide your 'chute and get away from the district as fast as you can"), I snapped the quick-release of my harness, pulled off my Mae West, and proceeded to cover the lot in a dead furrow in the centre of the field.

That done, I looked for the North Star, as I had often done at home when riding at night. Keeping it on my right side, I headed west and a little south; for to the east lay Germany, and I had no wish to get any closer to it. Keeping to the bush and the fields, I steered clear of roads, and gave houses and villages a wide berth.

As daylight came, I reached a canal, with high dykes. Crawling through brush to the top, I scanned the countryside ahead, deciding to hide in the brush during daylight, and move only under cover of dark. The dyke was topped by a bicycle path and cart track.

As the morning wore on, people began to pass. I was afraid to move though I almost wished someone would discover me. About two o'clock in the afternoon most of the traffic along the canal banks stopped. I then decided to speak to the first person who came along alone. Cattle grazed in a field nearby, and there was a well not more than fifty yards away.

A man came along, and started to draw water for the cattle. Here was my chance. I stepped out of the bush on the side nearest to him. He looked startled, though I believe he recognized my uniform despite the fact I had removed all my badges and epaulets. He beckoned me to him. Cautiously I advanced to the well.

I showed him the "CANADAS" from my shoulder, my wing and rank. He smiled, and spoke in Dutch—which left me no wiser. He then motioned me back to the bush—and I was glad to return to its refuge.

Fifteen minutes later, he returned with two bicycles. I followed him along the bicycle track, feeling far from confident, and thinking my guide something of a fool. We proceeded along the track for about half-mile, and then turned back into the bush. There we were met by two men, one of whom spoke to me in English. He was tall, slim, fair-haired, and appeared a little too conceited for my liking. However, I could not be too particular about who helped me. They supplied me with a pair of wooden shoes, and instructed me to climb up behind one of the fellows on a bike.

We skirted a village, passed over a bridge, and dismounted at a farm house. Apparently, word of our coming had preceded us, for we were met by two young women. Through the cow barn, we entered the house, where I was given some sandwiches and milk. The meal finished, my English-speaking friend returned. His first words rather astounded me:

"What do you think of the war?" he asked.

"The British will be in Berlin within a year," I cracked back, and it was his turn to be astonished. That was May 25, 1944, and it has surprised me since how close I came to being right in my guess. For at that time, there was little to base so optimistic a statement upon.

He continued to fire questions at me which I evaded as adroitly as I could. Some I bluntly refused to answer as they bordered on the "secret."

About eight o'clock, he produced a bottle of gin. I was tired, darned tired, my brain none too alert; but that first drink revived me immeasurably. A couple more stiff shots, and I had determined to find out a little more about my supposed friend. I started right in to question him.

"What do you do for a living?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" he asked in turn.

"I mean: what kind of work do you do?"

"Oh, I don't work," he replied. "I am an Undergrounder."

Well, that reply was a dead give-away. I knew that underground workers had other occupation besides that of helping fliers—if for nothing else than to cover their underground activities.

We had another drink.

"What did you do before the war?" I asked.

"I was an electrical engineer," he replied.

That was about nine o'clock.

We kept hitting the gin bottle off and on until midnight. By that time, he was a bit woozy, but my head remained clear. Then he told me that, before the war, he also had been a Dutch policeman.

Strange, I thought: a Dutch policeman five years ago—and he was now twenty-two or thereabouts! He must have been rather smart for his age, thought I. Suspicion hardened fast, and I told him straight I did not trust him, and that, if he would return my identification discs, my badges and my escape kit, I would leave in the morning.

"Oh, you hurt my feelings," he protested, "by not trusting me."

"Give me my stuff!" I demanded.

After a little hesitation, he returned it, and said he would take me next morning to an officer who would convince me that he was all right.

"Okay," I said, and suggested it was time to call it a night.

He led me upstairs, and we slept together in a comfortable bed.

It seemed that my head had scarcely touched the pillow, when he was shaking me, and urging me to get up. We had breakfast of a little meat and a lot of potatoes, then started out on bikes. I still believed him a "phony", and out to get all the information he could. Furthermore, we had all been warned against such people, as it was known that the Germans often masqueraded as members of the Underground to get information.

We had ridden about a half-mile, when I stopped him, got off my bike and pushed it close so that it could lean against his.

"This is as far as we go together," I said.

He sat his bike, one foot on the ground.

He reached over, caught my arm and exclaimed: "I won't let you go!"

"No?" I said, "We'll see about that!"

Wrenching my arm from his grasp, I let him have it on the chin. He toppled off balance and hit the cobbled road in a clatter of bikes. Afraid that he might have a gun, I stood over him, watching his every move. Finally, he staggered to his feet. I told him to get on his bike, and push mine. I figured that this way, his both hands occupied, he could not shoot if he had a gun, before I had reached the bush a few yards away. Without a word, he did as I told him.

I made the bush on the run, then decided to circle back across the canal and proceed south along the other side. If, as I feared, this fellow would notify the whole German army, it was necessary for me to make some speed.



HAVING been provided with a pair of leather shoes and a cap by the people at the farm, I felt a little safer than before. Nevertheless, I decided to keep off the main roads.

I ran the first two or three miles, stopping only to look both ways before crossing any path. Security for me seemed to lie in the bush, and I went out of my way to stay in it.

Two miles south of the village, I again reached the canal bank, and proceeded to take off my shoes to swim to the other side. Looking farther south, however, I saw a bridge apparently unguarded; so headed that way and walked across. Again I headed south, leaving the canal where it veered south-west.

Eleven o'clock found me walking along a deserted road. It was raining, and I felt wretched. I had explored my stuff, and found everything intact but my identification discs. With these gone, I could be treated as a spy...and somewhere I had learned the Germans shot spies. The thought did not relieve my misery much.

An old fellow came riding up the road on a bike. I did not even look at him; I felt beyond caring at the moment. He passed, but soon came back, slowed down beside me, and spoke in Dutch. All I could make out was one word: "English". It struck me that he might prove a friend, so I showed him all my badges. He seemed satisfied, and I continued on with him; he speaking in Dutch, I in English. Neither of us were a bit wiser from this interchange of chatter, but, somehow, it made me feel better. There was something friendly, something reassuring in the tone of his voice.

The old man took me to his home, a lone farm house, and gave me some food and milk after which I felt more like my old self. If the Jerries caught me, they could shoot if they wished; but I was still free, and my mind was made up that I would stay that way as long as I could.

After a brief rest, I thanked the man and bade him goodbye. He urged me not to go, and I truly believe he would have helped me; but I felt I was still too close to the scene of the morning's episode.

About three o'clock that afternoon, I emerged from the bush into a field with some cows; I decided to milk one. For fifteen minutes, I tried to get one to stand and be milked; but apparently, the beast did not understand English. Anyway, I got no milk.

By ten that night, I was pretty tired, but still travelling. I felt a little safer now, and was following a bicycle track, when I saw a person driving two cows. I decided to approach him. He was a lad of seventeen. I showed him my badges, and we had quite a conversation with our hands. He understood that I was an airman, and that I had been shot down. I gathered, in turn, from his actions that he would get me food and help.

The lad left the cows and led me through a wheatfield and a hedge to the back of a house. He motioned me to lie down in a ditch, and entered the house. Ten minutes later he returned with his father. The man could not speak English, but he inspected my badges, and gestured me back into my lair.

A half-hour later, I was taken into the house, and given food. The boy, meanwhile, had gone for someone else, and I was left wondering, "What next?"

The boy returned with another man. The newcomer was equipped with a book of Dutch-English phrases. We fired questions at each other, with the use of the phrase-book. The man seemed satisfied, and handed me a paper with the following note:

"If you want to go back to England, do as these men say. You must trust us. Please burn this note when you have read it."

Striking a match, I held the paper to the flame.

My new friends smiled, assured that I was all right.

I followed the latest arrival for an hour through the black rainy night. When we came to a canal, my guide would not let me wade it. Instead, he carried me over on his back. My feet were sore, and I was near exhaustion. I was glad to go to bed in the loft above his cow stall.

Next morning, I awoke feeling fit and ready to go on; but when I went down from the loft, I found that the people

(Continued on page 49)

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Words---and Their Meaning

Official Jargonese

From "TEE EMM"

OFFICIAL "jargonese" is a pain in the neck to all ranks at all times.

I know. I've been the victim of it; I've manufactured lots of it myself, under certain compulsions, the chief being the necessity of earning a living.

Also, I have rebelled against it from time to time, and learned the futility of rebellion against the official way. Such is the indurated nature of the malignant growth (damn it, it gets you at the most awkward times!), which stems from the Circumlocution Office of Dickens' day, that ultimately you blunt the dagger of your wrath and resentment against it. You give up. You just follow the beaten paths of countless predecessors, and use it, too.

Once, though, many years ago, when "The Rum Jar" and I were younger, the Editor was good enough to publish under my "by-line", some glaring examples of the prolixity, turgidity and obscurity of "Official" pronouncements as they appeared in Army Orders and chits which had come to my notice. I had hoped that publicity would achieve the miracle of reform. I had deluded myself, for years, that in the recent War, things were different. After all, this was a young man's war, we were told; they did things better; the old traditional ways had been discarded; everything was "streamlined."

Well, that delusion has gone the way of so many illusions. Apparently, whatever had been "streamlined" Official Jargonese wasn't. It continued in all its prolixity, and with all its obfuscations, right through to V-Day.

The evidence is contained in the final edition of that breezily-written and brilliantly-edited R.A.F. publication, "TEE EMM", a copy of which has come to hand. Therein, Squadron-Leader Anthony Armstrong Willis ("A.A." of "Punch" fame) cites some genuine examples from official sources.

Here's their certificate of authenticity:

"They come from our private collection of 'Whitehallese' culled by us with awe and delight during our sojourn in the Air Ministry. And, we repeat, they are *not* made up: each is taken from some official file, letter or memo, which we have seen with our own eyes. For your guidance we have preceded each 'Whitehallese' phrase with the English translation, or rather with what the fellow meant to say, and should have said, as distinct from the way he actually put it:-

What he meant: "Approved by....."

What he said: "Received the concurrence of....."

★

What he meant: "Please finish this quickly."

What he said: "May action be taken to accelerate completion of this work, please!"

★

What he meant: "Agreed".

What he said: "The foregoing comments also represent my views."

What he meant: "This duty will end....."

What he said: "Date of commencement of cessation of this duty will be....."

★

What he meant: "These things often happen."

What he said: "The following phenomena will be found to occur with some frequency."

★

What he meant: "Properly ended."

What he said: "Brought to a suitable finality."

★

What he meant: "Should this syllabus be amended, and can it be done in time?"

What he said: "It is desired to consider this syllabus in detail with a view to suggesting amendments, and to ascertain whether there are likely to be any difficulties in completing it in the time suggested."

★

What he meant: "It would be better with some pictures."

What he said: "It is recommended that the memorandum be made increasingly attractive by incorporating a large number of pictorial representations."

★

What he meant: "For instance."

What he said: "When the following points are borne in mind, the truth of the above statement will be appreciated."

★

"And here, to conclude, are a few further examples. This time we have put the jargonese first, so that you can try to dig out the English translation before it is given":

What he said: "Consequent upon the introduction of the above modified syllabus, the following instructions regarding the administrative arrangements necessary in connection with flying training are issued for the guidance and compliance of all concerned."

What he meant: "Re the above syllabus, all concerned should note the following instructions."

★

What he said: "While no unanimity of opinion exists on the advisability of releasing the pigeon under adverse weather conditions, various units have expressed the view that if these conditions prevail, the pigeon should not be released if an S.O.S. message has been sent out and acknowledged."

What he meant: "Some units think the pigeon should not be released in bad weather if an S.O.S. has been acknowledged, but many do not agree."

What he said: "In an effort to overcome the lethargy reported as a result of the material in existing films being of a dull nature, we have put up this proposal: 'Brightening up the film in its production stage and emphasizing that humor is required in the film as a contrast.' "

What he meant: "We suggest making our dull films funnier."

★

What he said: "Frequent changes in material and consequential amendments to tactical methods necessitated by operational experience make it impractical to revise the book fully and keep it up to date."

What he meant: (probably): "Changes in tactics make it hard to keep the book up to date." (Your guess is as good as mine.)

★

What he said: "It may therefore be of value briefly to discuss below the factors which can effect the results."

What he meant: "Here's an article about it." (but the article follows, why bother to say anything?)

★

What he said: "In our efforts against the enemy there is a very real improvement in results by our fighter forces and while the reverse might be the case with the Hun during the period under review, the steady rise in the

success of the enemy fighter effort as disclosed by the figures is not materially changed when due allowance is made for this possibility."

What he meant: God knows!

★

You should now be in a position to undergo examination in the translation of Official Jargonese. So, here you are:

Question: The following passage is extracted from an Air Ministry Memorandum. Translate into the King's English:

"Consideration has been given to the method of naming variants of basic types of aircraft, in order to simplify the allocation of designations and reduce the number of marks the significance of which has to be memorized. In future, variants developed from a basic type for a different operational purpose will be distinguished, as a normal rule, by a combinations of basic name and a letter or letters appropriate to the operational role. To avoid the possibility of confusion, the original type from which the variant is derived will similarly be differentiated. Each variant type will have its own independent series of mark numbers added after its designation (name and letter (s) appropriate to its operational role), to distinguish significant changes in performance or interchangeability, as hitherto. It is not practicable to keep lateral correspondence between mark numbers and leading features of variant and original types, and such correspondence is not to be presumed."

The answer is attached, as a reward for your guts in getting this far:

Answer: "Aircraft will be given a name for each basic type with a letter or letters added for each variant."

Whew!

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THE ATOM-CAR HOAX

JOHN Henry Wilson was a name which hit the front pages in the dying days of the war, being associated with the claim that he could make a car go by atomic energy—even before Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

John Henry had all London agog with excitement; even the then Minister of Fuel and Power in Churchill's war cabinet, called for, and attended, a demonstration, which never came off.

John Henry should have hit the front pages of the world newspapers with the ending of his story—for the whole affair turned out to be a gigantic hoax the reading of which would have made light comedy relief from the gloom-pervaded stories emanating from Paris and the Peace Conference.

For John Henry's hoax caught up with him about that time—and he went to gaol for 21 months for obtaining £250 by false pretences.

Only a few months before, white-haired John Henry, ingenious old gentleman that he is, had bulked large in the news. He fooled (as already said) Ministers of the Crown, automobile manufacturers, and others, claiming that he could make a car go a thousand miles at a cost of a mere sixpence—by atomic energy!

So loudly and earnestly did John Henry talk about nuclear science, heavy water, and uranium, that he half-convinced hard-headed business men, and quite convinced himself, that he really had something.

A demonstration of the wonder car was arranged for the benefit of Hon. Emmanuel Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power in the Churchill Government. News that the demonstration was about to be staged reached the world press: the *Leader-Post* announced the portentous event to Regina citizens.

D-Day (Demonstration Day) arrived. Mr. Shinwell was there, together with a large and expectant concourse of experts and ordinary folk, all eager to see the marvel which would make gasoline unnecessary. John Henry also appeared—to announce that his car had been stolen!

Efficient London police found the car around the corner. John Henry was not perturbed; he had another explanation ready: his "uranium unit" had been sabotaged!

Some doubt appears to have overtaken Mr. Shinwell at this point, for he was reported as saying: "Mr. Wilson

is not anxious for publicity; but I have pointed out that a matter of this kind cannot be concealed. I don't want the public to be spoofed. If there is nothing in this matter, then it must be exposed. If there is, it is our duty to examine it."

But Mr. W. D. Kendall, M.P. was anxious that the atom-car man should be given every chance. He offered John Henry the use of his factory and all the facilities he needed.

Wilson was paid £10 a week. Experiments proceeded with a guard on constant duty at the workshop, presumably to prevent further sabotage of the "uranium unit".

Everything was said to be ready last February; but again a hitch occurred. John Henry, this time, declared he had been given the wrong kind of uranium. He had asked for uranium 236; he had been given 238. No more was heard of the tests.

Instead, police visited John Henry's home at Harrow, Middlesex, and his appearance at London's famous Old Bailey on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences, was the sequel.

At the trial, the prosecutor revealed that John Henry had quite a number of ingenious "inventions" on his claims' record. In 1943, he had persuaded a Mr. Max Bing to provide him with facilities for experimenting with certain of his brainchilds, one of which was to be a method of driving a car by liquid air. Then, about the middle of 1945, he told Bing and a Mr. Einer Salomonsen, that he had an invention for driving a car without the use of petrol.

"This apparently depended upon the use of uranium and certain other chemicals," the prosecutor said, "and these two gentlemen (Bing and Salomonsen) agreed to form a company to market and produce the new invention."

Then a Mr. Collier came into the picture. He asked if the shares in the company were open for subscription. John Henry said certainly not, but as Collier was an old pal (or words to that effect), he would let him in on the ground floor for a consideration of £250. It was that £250 that brought about the ingenious old gentleman's downfall.

Still (says the *Daily Mail*, commenting on the incident): "John Henry Wilson had a very good innings. One can hardly help admiring his amazing effrontery. Now he joins the distinguished gallery of hoaxers who have diverted the nations."

Congratulations:

The Canadian Legion (Saskatchewan Provincial Command) is to be congratulated on the occasion of the publication of the 1947 edition of its annual magazine, "The Rum Jar," the sixteenth consecutive issue.

Its breezy contents have always had an appeal to the veteran, and that it will continue to retain its place amongst the leading magazines of its kind is the wish of

THE LEADER-POST

Calvert · 1622

MEN OF VISION

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A Century Ago

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Extract from Soldier's Letter

PARIS PILGRIMAGE

By Joe Eisler, Regina

'T WAS night time when the train finally chugged its way out of the glass covered station and I was Paris bound. I wasn't too excited to sleep, and inasmuch as the RTO had placed two of us in a private compartment, I had plenty of room to stretch out and catch myself about four hours solid sleep. By the time we reached Lille, at 2.50 a.m. the train was so crowded we were forced to share our nook with several other soldiers which we did ungrudgingly enough, for it was quite chilly out, and the boys were cold indeed. From then on I slept in fits and starts. I awoke when the train stopped at Arras, but it was still too dark to see anything.

At St. Just the dawn had brightened enough for me to sit up, shrug the drowsiness from my eyes, and start to do some serious looking.

We were rolling over a countryside that was a trifle different from Belgium. For a spell it was quite flat and treeless, and farm yards weren't popping up so often. They were all farms with necessary buildings, invariably large ones, piled together in a heap, and surrounded by a high stone fence; a sign of what we'd call out West, "Big Farmers".

Then suddenly, at Laigenville, the land started its gentle rolling again and trees studded a big portion of it. Laigenville itself is a pretty little village almost buried in trees, so that only the red roofs and winding streets are plainly visible. And, as in all villages, I saw perched on the highest bit of land in it the inevitable church brooding over its flock below.

We were getting inland a bit it seemed, and the green of the countryside wasn't as vivid or fresh as along the coast in Normandy and Belgium. It seemed to have paled. I missed the white-blossomed apple trees that blob across the Belgian countryside now like individual snow flurries in the air. I don't recall seeing a single delicious pink puff that's a cherry tree in bloom all the way to Paris. But at that it was all novel and ancient, and pages of history began to turn themselves over in my mind again, and it wasn't hard for me to associate this old, old country with the Cartiers and Napoleons, the gay and vivacious Marie Antoinettes and frightened and undecided Louis'.

At Longueau Junction and Creil I was snapped out of my reverie quickly enough, for the passing of war had been cruel here, and the charred bones of buildings stretched their mute framework skyward as though in prayer, as do the forest giants after the passing of the fire. Piles of rubble and debris still huddled massively together blocking streets and roadways. At one place tortured ribbons of steel clawed vainly and starkly at the air, while a locomotive lay crazily on its nose on the roadbed with its back broken just where the cab joins the engine.

Just beyond Creil one passes several miles of cliffs that seem to be made of layer upon layer of rock. The Jerries, it seems, decided to put up a fight for it here, for the place was covered with a litter of shattered pillboxes and fortifications. And all along, the cliffs lay no more than a hundred yards from the railway, massive bomb craters sprinkled almost every yard of space. The stumps of what, a year ago, were gracious trees, bore evidence of the ferocity of the onslaught. It was almost like the outskirts of Caen, or the Falaise Gap all over again.

Paris itself grows on one, as it were. One notices first of all the sprawling twenty-three radio towers between Pont Petit and Epluches. Soon after we began to rumble through its suburbs, Montigny, Beauchamp, Franconville-Plessis-Bouchard, Cerny on Seine, Epiny-Villeteneuse and St. Denis. All these names represent individual cities embraced by the gay arms of Greater Paris.

We pulled in at Gare du Nord (North Station to you laymen) and the vivaciousness of the city seems to hit at once. Perhaps this was so because I was expecting it, augmented a trifle by the weather, for the morning was bright, sunny and lushly warm. It took me the bigger part of the morning to finish the work I'd been detailed to do, but I lost no time in looking around immediately I was finished.

There's a Canada Corner for soldiers on the Rue de l'Opera where I grabbed a hurried bite, and was told where to find the Canada Club, where Canadian soldiers on leave in Paris obtain bed and board absolutely without spending a solitary franc. And right here, let me say, that the Canadian War Services are doing a wonderful job in Paris. The rooms are small and comfortable, and the meals are deliciously prepared and substantial, just like at home.

I stepped out briskly, didn't have time to saunter now, from the Canada Corner and made a bee-line down Rue de l'Opera for the Opera itself. It's a huge, dignified, yet sprightly stern building, crowned with a whole series of statues, all immensely expressive and beautifully designed.

Then as La Madeleine is only several blocks from the Opera I decided to see it next. The Madeleine is built similar to the ancient Greek temples that once graced the Acropolis in Athens. As a matter of fact, this building was erected by Napoleon, and it was intended to serve, if not as a temple, at least as a monument to final victory. But the final victory, like the one of our present day would-be conquerors, failed to materialize, and the magnificent structure was subsequently dedicated to serve as a church. It is a tremendous, pillar-surrounded, square edifice, that seems to burst suddenly into view in its entirety. I circled the church, entered the side door and climbed a circular staircase that led to the main part of its interior. It is really so hard to describe the sombre beauty of these European churches, so suffice it to say that it was superbly and fittingly decorated and furnished.

Straight down Rue Royale from the Madeleine lies the Place du Concorde, which in turn leads to a wide traffic bridge that crosses the Seine directly in front of the Chamber of Deputies. I thought, while crossing the bridge, of the nefarious activities carried on there by black-browed Laval, and the smoother, and may be somewhat senile Marshal Petain.

Several blocks to the left of the Chamber lies the swank Hotel Palais D'Orsay overlooking the Seine. This building houses the Canada Club, and I paused there long enough only to register in, brush up in my room a bit and grab a bite to eat again.

The Eiffel Tower had beckoned to me the first time when crossing the Place du Concorde. Even from a distance of several miles it left me with the distinct impression that here was the lord of the roost as far as Paris was concerned. I

strolled, rather hurriedly, along the banks of the Seine, by Les Invalides and the glistening white Ministry of Economics towards the tower.

I've never seen anything to come anywhere close to Paris for statues and monuments. The Seine is crossed by a multitude of bridges, and statues of all descriptions and sizes grace the heads and sides of each one. One, for instance, had several immense granite lions facing each other, and frolicking along beside each lion were two surprisingly realistic and equally immense children. At another two huge torch-bearing women stood their silent and unending watch over the approaches to the Seine.

As I said before, it was a splendid day, and the walk along the tree-lined river, calm and blue in the sunlight, past the never-ending procession of imposing government buildings, financial institutions, hotels, etc., was alone worth the trip to Paris. The Eiffel meanwhile seemed to duck its head lower and lower behind the various edifices as I neared it, and finally it bobbed out of sight altogether. I swung away from the river and down a narrow curving street that cuddled between the sombre brown of a sprawling military barracks. A few moments later I rounded a bend, and there directly before me stood the massive steel structure, its unbelievable lattice-work climbing up and up and up to become indistinguishable in the blur that forms the crown of it all.

One can't say the Eiffel Tower is huge, for that word has a taint of insignificance when used as an adjective here. It's a superb mass of steel starting at its four immense concrete bases and curving upwards, reinforced by remarkable patterns of criss-crossed steel, to merge in a solid gondola some nine hundred and eighty-five feet overhead. Visitors are not yet allowed to go up, and I regretted this; but I walked around it and stood under it and felt awed beyond simple words of expression. Will it help you to understand its size, if I tell you that I stepped off the distance from one

base to another, and that it took me one hundred and twenty-seven full-sized paces to do so?

Crossing the Pont D'Iena towards Palais Chaillot and the Trocadero, I paused every few steps to turn and marvel again at this wonder of the world, and to think how tiny the domed Ecole Militaire (Military School) looked as it peeped, the whole view of it, through the tower's lowermost arches.

The Chaillot is an ultra-modern structure, as is the snowwhite Modern Arts building a few blocks to its right. Streets are plentifully lined with shade-trees, and I devoted a lot of attention to them as I turned away from the river again along Avenue George V towards Avenue des Champs Elysées, which is THE street of Paris.

The entire length of Champs Elysées is bordered, on each side, by seven evenly-spaced rows of chestnut trees. Frequently, on one side or the other, the borders broaden out into parks. I think I learned here what is meant by traffic streaming by. Elysées is decidedly the widest street I've yet seen, and crowning it moderately, from a distance, is the Arc de Triomphe.

The Arc, however, loses all symptoms of moderateness when one gets to it. It's really large and expressive. There is a whole series of replicas of famous Frenchmen and women carved upon the upper part of the structure. I sat on a ledge in its shade and read places of French victories that are chiselled into its pillars. I read, too, the inscriptions on several bronze plaques set in the pavement under it, in dedication of the declaration of the French Republic in 1812, and the return of Alsace-Lorraine in 1918. The grave of the Unknown Soldier is in the centre of the entrance facing Champs Elysées, and at the head of the grave, from a great bronze cauldron flickers the undying flame. It wasn't hard to visualize the armies of the Allies as they must have appeared swinging through the Arc on the day of Paris's liberation last fall.

Back I went again, down the Champs Elysées towards

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VANCOUVER WINNIPEG REGINA TORONTO MONTREAL MONCTON

the Place du Concorde, past the famous Restaurant Ledoyen, and the park surrounded Cité University. The most expressive statues I saw in Paris are on top of two front corners of one of the University buildings. They depict a lady in a chariot driving three apparently wild horses. The action shown is superbly vivid and lifelike, and each horse seems to be bounding off the small pedestal into the air, for only their hind hoofs are anchored on the base. The statues give one the impression of something wild, strong and free.

After the Grand Palais, I cut across the front of the Place du Concorde again and swung along Rue Rivoli, part of which is now known as Rue de President Roosevelt. It was here that I came across seven plaques on a solid brick wall, placed there in memory of seven French patriots who were executed by the Germans on the 25th August, 1944, the day of the liberation of Paris. A passing Frenchman paused to point out the chips in the wall caused by the hail of Nazi bullets as they cut down six men and one girl. She was only eighteen. I have their names in my little book.

From here to the stupendous Royal Palace the bank of the Seine is one vast park. I wish I had had time to stop and browse around a bit in the Louvre and Tuileries. Those are the Art Galleries and the Museum. The Museum itself is contained, I was told, in a wing that was formerly part of the Royal Palace. The entire palace consists of a spreading series of buildings that reach unbrokenly around three sides of a great square. Right in the centre of the open side of the square is the delicate Arc de Triomphe de Carrousel (sports). I stood to one side of this Arc, and looked at the hedge and flower-filled park back of it, and without turning to one side or the other, I counted a total of fifty-six statues and monuments of some sort or other.

It was late in the evening, so I crossed the Seine again and returned to the club for supper. Later I caught a Salferino Metropolitan with a view to catching a glimpse of the more hectic nightlife of Paris around the Place Pigalle and Montmartre. Hectic, incidentally, is a mild word for it, but I managed to come through it all unscathed, including the spectacular and scintillating Folies at the Casino.

The next morning, after a real Canadian breakfast, sunny-sides up and all the trimmings, I mooched around the fabulous perfumeries and shops around the Place Vendôme. I was duly pleased to see the garlanded Column des Armées that graces the centre of the Place. By the way, I made only a couple of small purchases here, for even they threatened to knock the bottom right out of my purse. That was why I hied myself to a Canadian Paymaster where I successfully negotiated a touch, and I then continued my bit of shopping tour in a milder and less glittering section of Paris, near the Canada Corner.

It was another pleasant day, so immediately after lunch I struck out in the opposite direction to that I'd gone the day before, and caught a look at the Palace du Luxembourg and its beautiful gardens. But the towers and spire of Notre Dame de Paris were nodding to me and I hustled along.

Like the Eiffel Tower, the Cathedral defies apt description. Not until one gets close to it does one realize what a massive structure it really is, and not until then can one really appreciate the splendor of its carved images and lattice-work. Strange it seems that all the delicateness on the building should rhyme and blend so magnificently with the rest of its vast bulk.

I went into Notre Dame, and will never regret having done so. Imagine, if you can, picking up the Holy Rosary Cathedral and depositing it lock, stock and baggage in the centre part of Notre Dame, and then realize that you'd still have plenty of room left, without considering the two spacious hallways that run between the pillars and the outer walls. The front part of the hallways are sectioned off into individual chapels, each named after a different Saint. The stained-glass windows, high, high up near the towering, curved ceiling were like blotches of rainbows in the afternoon sunlight. The boom of the majestic organ shivered and

shuddered through the noble arches. The Altar is of gleaming white marble and, like the Cathedral itself, along stern low lines with fragile and almost tender arcs and borders.

Off to the right of the main Altar is the Treasure Room. I toured it too, and found it contained a remarkable collection of old church jewels and treasures. There were the most beautiful and most elaborate and rich series of chalices, goblets, crucifixes, tabernacles, etc., dating all the way back to the early ages of the church. There were gifts from all parts of the world and from all classes of people including kings and popes. I saw, for instance, the solid gold staff, the crown, robes and ring of Pope Pius IX. It was well worth the five francs admission.

Then out again into the golden sunshine, by the white-walled Palais de Justice, down to the Prefectoire de Police, which reminded me of famous French crimes solved there, the stories of which ran weekly in the Chicago Herald and Tribune. As I neared the Bastille I passed an old Café called La Farge, and I stopped to have a glass of watery beer, and let my mind wander until I could almost hear the rumble of the carts as they must have creaked by almost a century and a half ago with their grisly presents from La Guillotine, while Madame La Farge chuckled as they passed.

I stood for a while by the Bastille, an odd and old assortment of stone buildings and looked at Column Juillet. From here I began to retrace my steps, and stopped only to look at the solid and sombre Hotel de Ville (City Hall), and the Church of St. Jacques with its queer but beautiful tower, which, incidentally, I thought was a trifle out of proportion with the small main body of the building. I hurried down Boulevard Sebastopol and turned left on Rue Reamur, for it was late, and I wanted to see the Bourse (Stock Exchange).

I arrived too late to get into the building, but was sufficiently impressed by the appearance of this pillared mass of masonry from the outside to make the visit worthwhile. It compares, in principle, somewhat with the Madeleine and Opera, though it definitely lacks the serenity, almost aloofness, of the former, and the gayness and sprightliness of the latter.

My "dogs" were really barking by this time, so I metroed back to the Salferino, and got them under a luscious table at the Club. I idled the rest of the evening away talking to the numerous Canadians who were in Paris on leave. At nine-thirty we 'bussed to Gare du Nord and boarded the rattler. I think I fell asleep before the "peeping" bit of an engine had lugged us half a dozen miles, and I slept until we reached the outskirts of my destination.

Traffic Cop: "You were speeding. I've got to pinch you."

Fair motorist: "Oh, please! If you must, do it where it won't show."

VETERANS — KEEP POSTED

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LEAVE BEHIND,
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... Campbell.

And, indeed, in the hearts and thoughts of the men living, who fight for peace, freedom and world brotherhood, the memory of the men who fought and died for these things shall ever remain an inspiration.

Wit and Humor

Nut-Crackers

Contributed by "The Staff"

Even the purest air has rubbish suspended in it, says a doctor. Any radio fan can confirm.

★

A naturalist tells us that the female house-fly may lay as many as 800 eggs in a month. Thank heaven, she doesn't cackle!

★

A zoologist tells us that monkeys will make hideous faces in front of a mirror. What! Are they bothered with blunt blades, too?

★

Playing the bagpipes is recommended as a cure for asthma. Nobody, however, has yet come up with a cure for the bagpipes.

★

Eavesdropping department

Nice girl (on telephone): "Well, my dear, apart from being sick to death of everything and fed-up with everybody, how are you?"

★

Girl to ex-C.P.O. (R.C.N.V.R.): "Have you any further need for your whiskers, darling, now that you're back on Civvy Street?"

★

Not-so-nice Girl (on telephone): "Oh, yes, I'm sure your wife would love the mink coat, and you can give me the vacuum cleaner."

★

Bulldozers.

With boxing enjoying an unprecedented boom in Britain, France and the U.S.A., it seems we have entered the Thick Era.

★

A Londoner complained of having found splinters in a loaf recently. *Punch* holds this to be proof that Britain is scraping the bottom of the barrel.

Damages were claimed against a Paris Hotel by a man who found a piece of rubber tire in his hash. This is regarded as another example of how the car has displaced the horse.

★

"Scarcity of grouse" headlined sports news in British papers in late August. Of course, they all had congregated in Paris for the Peace parleys.

★

We read of a Londoner, who, sent by his wife to buy some strawberries, bought an aeroplane. Afraid to go home empty-handed?

★

There were three brothers who were midgets. Each was exactly two feet tall.

One night the youngest brother kissed a girl who was six feet tall. The other two put him up to it.

★

A recent ad. of a business college in South Africa was headed: "Short Course in Accounting for Women." A deluge of letters descended on the college, all stressing, "There's no accounting for women."

★

Society note in an Australian paper wound up thus: "A reception followed the ceremony, after which the happy couple left for Melbourne on their honeymoon. On Wednesday, they left for Sydney, where he is receiving treatment for his wounds."

★

Wife: "John, dear, such an odd thing happened today. The clock fell off the wall. If it had fallen a moment sooner it would have hit mother."

John: "I always said that clock was slow."

★

Knight in Armor: "Prithee, fair maid, wiltst marry me, my sweet?"

Fair maid: "Ixnay, Sir Galahad, my doctor forbids me tinned stuff."

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A man telephoned his doctor: "Come over quick, doc., my wife has appendicitis."

"Nonsense," snorted the doctor. "I removed your wife's appendix three years ago."

"Oh, yeah!" cried the husband. "Did you never hear of a man having a second wife?"

★

"Sorry, soldier, but I never go out with perfect strangers."

"That's okay, babe, I ain't perfect."

★

"You hit your husband with a chair? Why did you do that?"

"I couldn't lift the table."

★

Doctor: "You'll have a different woman when your wife comes home from the hospital."

Husband: "But what if she finds out?"

★

The lady driver was hitting forty and gossiping with a friend as they rolled along a road just outside town. Ahead of her, two linemen started up a telephone pole.

"Look at these nitwits," she said to her friend. "From the way they're acting you'd think I'd never driven a car before."

★

"Cheese again!" muttered the workman disgustedly as he opened his lunch box.

"Why don't you tell your wife you don't like cheese?" said his mate.

"My wife! She's in hospital. I made this myself."

★

\$64 Question: What happens to the Sergeant-Major's voice after he gets his discharge?

★

He (boastingly): "I was out with a nurse, last night."

The Girl: "Don't feel too badly about it. Some day your mother will let you out without one."

★

"I can't bear a fool," said sergeant to the rookie.

"Your mother didn't have the same difficulty," came the prompt reply.

★

With a wild lurch, the camp station wagon swung round a corner and crashed into a lamp-post at the edge of town.

Six N.C.O.'s emerged from the car and stood eyeing the wreck, owlshly.

Up came a policeman.

"Sall right, constable," the senior greeted him. "No one's fault. There's no-hic-one to blame. We were all riding in the back seat."

★

"You say your sister makes up jokes. A script writer?"

"No. She works in a beauty parlor."

★

"Where did the car hit him?" asked the coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," replied the medical witness.

Up jumped the foreman of the jury: "I've lived here forty years, and there's no such place in this neighborhood."

★

Young husband: "My darling, this egg is hard! Did you boil it too long?"

Young wife: "Of course not. I only boiled it as long as the potatoes and they were lovely and soft."

★

The women of Asogli, which (we read) is a stretch in Togoland, Africa, are in rebellion against the system whereby a man can buy a wife for twelve shillings and a bottle of rum.

The men also want the system changed—to enable them to buy a bottle of rum for twelve shillings and a wife.

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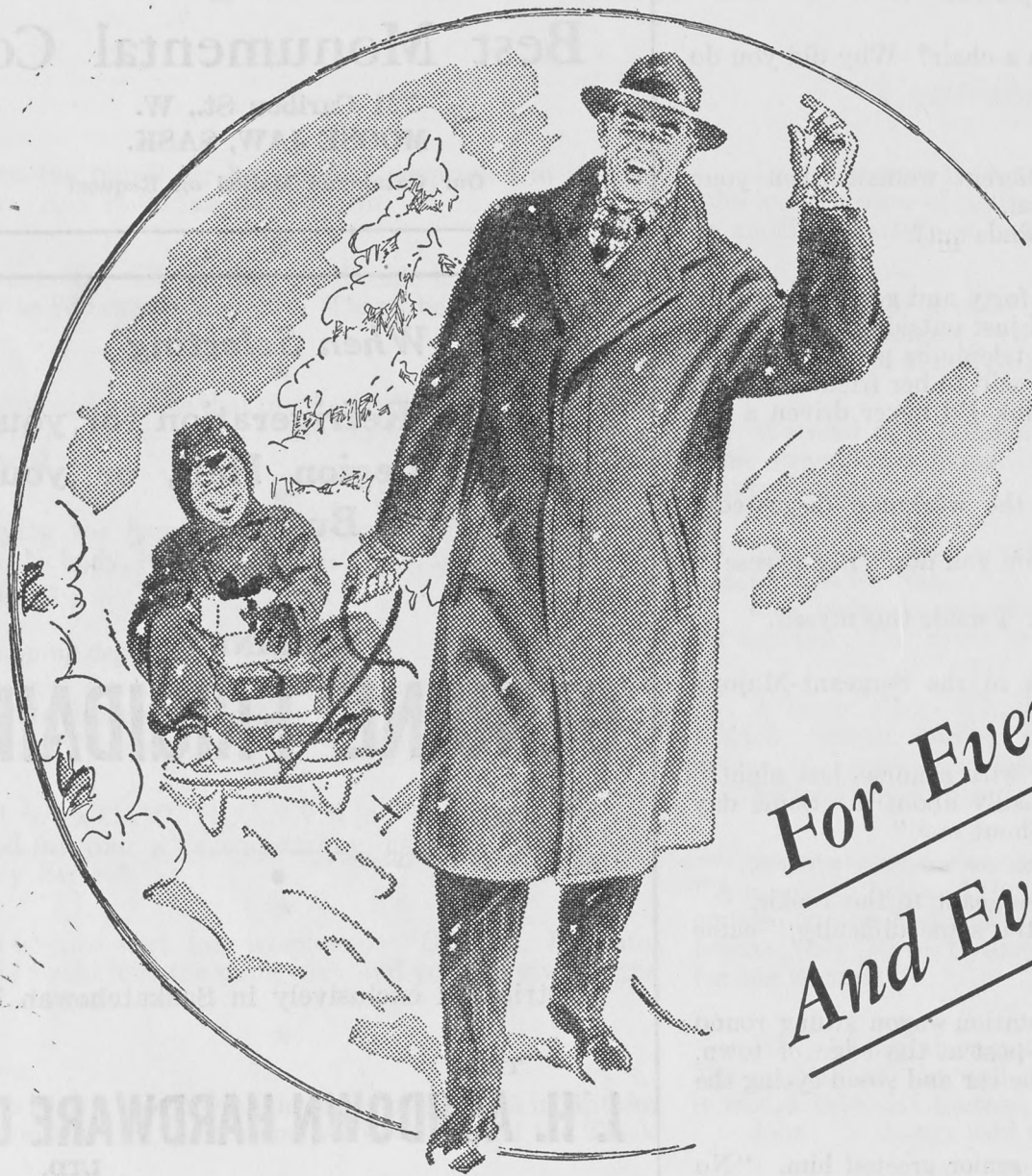
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Connoisseur

The ex-Wingco fancied himself as a connoisseur of drinks, and liked to show off a bit. So, approaching the bar, he ordered a cocktail.

"Any particular mix?" asked the bar-tend.

"No, anything you like," came the reply, "and I'll tell you what's in it."

The bar-tend mixed a cocktail, and, sure enough, the Wingco rattled off the four ingredients accurately.

"Now, mix me another," he said.

The bar-tend did, varying the mix considerably; but with unerring discrimination, the Wingco named the five ingredients.

"That's wonderful," said the bar-tend, really astonished, as he proceeded, under cover of the counter, to mix another cocktail from the dregs of the many glasses standing about the sink.

Again the Wingco named them all—stale beer, stale Scotch, etc., etc.

"Absolutely wonderful," said the surprised bar-tend, as again, under cover of the counter, he poured straight water into a glass, popped in an olive, and handed it to the Wingco.

"Tell me, what's in that?" he asked.

The Wingco tasted, looked incredulous: tasted again, looked baffled. Finishing the glass, he said: "You got me there. But I'll tell you this: whatever it is, it won't sell!"

"Yes, they're making the new army attractive by eliminating everything that was irksome in the old," said the speaker.

"The hell they have," said 'Nobby' Clarke. "They still got sergeants, ain't they?"

340 Women---

1 Sapper

Three hundred and forty women want to marry Sapper James Whitehead, a 24-year-old Pioneer in the 717 Artisan Works Company, Royal Engineers, stationed in Palestine.

In eight weeks, he received 1,200 standard mailbags stuffed with letters containing: offers of marriage, money, good wishes, morale-building sentiments, jokes, and thousands of parcels containing English newspapers, items of clothing, magazines, and a great variety of odd items as presents.

It all began when Whitehead wrote to his hometown paper pleading for old newspapers.

Eight days later, he received one standard mailbag, 3 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in., bulging with papers, letters, parcels.

Next day Army Post Office, Gaza, phoned his commanding officer to say they had many mailbags over the normal delivery, and could a truck be sent for them?

Cheers were louder than ever when eight mailbags were delivered to 717 Company Office all addressed to Sapper Whitehead.

Next day, A.P.O. 'phoned again—20 bags for Whitehead. Up the daily total went to its peak of 80.....and the offers of marriage became embarrassing.

Then a solution was found; a new technique was devised. The bags of mail were simply re-addressed to hospitals, etc.

Whitehead, however, claims to be a loser by this transaction—his regular letters from his wife, who lives at Newcastle-on-Tyne, seem to be going to the new destinations.

GREETINGS FROM THE

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Warring Poets

The literary poets (as distinct from the Service variety) did not do any too well in the war, it seems.

You may not be any more interested in contemporary verse than I am, but, it has been brought to my attention that a rare rumpus has developed amongst these literary gents which is highly diverting.

The first shrewd blow was struck by Roy Campbell, a South African poet, and he has laid about him with right good will at the Left Wing versifiers. Here's what the Overseas Daily Mail had to say about the battle:

"Mr. Campbell's pen is filled with venom when he writes of our many 'modern' poets who, after clamoring for democracy to rise and fight, took care to see that they themselves were not engaged in the battle.

"In a letter to a Socialist weekly review, he refers to them as: 'poetical profiteers who prostituted their talents to securing the safest and most lucrative sinecures from which to encourage others to fight.'"

Again, in an interview, he returned to the attack, referring to them as the "chairborne parasite-troopers of the Knife and Fork Brigade who banquetted so regally 'for democracy' in Spain and who, in this war, also dug themselves in and held the fort with their eating irons in the safest and most lucrative positions."

Campbell is no pansy pants of a poet. He has had a hard and virile life. For many years he was a horse-trader in Spain, where he practised (among other things) the art of bullfighting. Here's a biting stanza from the verses which started the rumpus:

"The loud fire-eating propheteers
Will cross the drink in craven fears,
Or worse, like vulture, crow and kite-hawk,
Engage in money-making fight-talk,
And pick the bones of fusiliers."

—Adsum.

What a General Heard

The late Lord Gort used to relate with joy the story of his Beaufighter flight from Malta to London during the siege. He was to have a medical examination (which actually revealed the ailment from which he died).

The inter-com. on the Beaufighter broke down over the Mediterranean: Lord Gort could hear, but could not transmit. The pilot and the navigator thought their passenger was completely cut off. But he was able to hear every word of their conversation, which ran as follows:

"How is the old so-and-so looking?"

"O.K. up to now.....But he doesn't know we are completely lost."

"I bet it would make him sit up if he knew that was enemy territory over there."

- It is with pride we welcome home the Boys and Girls of the Services, and hope that the future will hold much in store for them.
- We are grieved, and sorrow with those who mourn over those brave lads who did not come back.
- We, with all Canada, look forward to an abiding peace in a land of plenty.

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R.S.M. has 3 D.S.O.s

At the Canadian Military Headquarters in London there is a tall, distinguished soldier who is growing just a little tired of having his medal ribbons queried.

Regimental Sergeant-Major Albert Thomas James, D.S.O. and two bars, is a veteran of two world wars and has five rows of ribbons. He won the D.S.O. as a major in Mesopotamia in 1920, and two bars when he was a colonel in India.

Military policemen cannot understand why a regimental sergeant-major should be wearing officers' decorations and frequently stop and question him about them.

"Now I carry a special document issued by Canadian Headquarters to prove that my decorations are in order," R.S.M. James told a *Sunday Dispatch* reporter.

James fought in the trenches in France in 1914. He was commissioned in the Tank Corps in 1918 and left France to join the Indian Cavalry on the North-West Frontier.

Before he left the Army in 1935 James had become acting brigadier with substantive rank of full colonel. He wanted to "see the world", he said, so, accompanied by his wife and four daughters, he went to Canada.

Twelve hours after the declaration of World War II the former colonel was a private driving a lorry.

Something in Names

The vicar of a thickly populated London parish has compiled a list of the babies he christened since 1939, and the names chosen for them.

Winston heads the list with 79; Montgomery comes second with 53, and Alexander next with 34, with Alexandra as the variant for girls, 19. There are a few Tobruks in the list; two Benghazi's, and one youngster will rejoice (we hope)! for the rest of his days in the alliterative title of "Tunis Thoms." Evidently the "Desert War" started something.

A dispute over similar weird and wonderful Christian names was waged in a London diocese recently. It started when a Church of England clergyman exercised his right to refuse to baptize a child in a name he thought objectionable. In this particular case, a woman went to the clergyman with twin girls for christening.

She wanted No. 1 christened Kate. That was all right with the clergyman. But when she wanted No. 2 named Duplicate, he refused to do it.

The mother appealed to the Chancellor of the diocese, a distinguished member of the Bar. He upheld the clergyman.

Nevertheless, the child was named Duplicate, for that was the name the mother insisted be put on the birth certificate.

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New Verse to National Anthem

A hitherto virtually unknown verse of the National Anthem was introduced and sung by direction of King George, at the British United Nations Association service at St. Paul's cathedral recently.

The verse, written some eighty years ago by a Rev. W. E. Hickson, and strikingly appropriate to the occasion and the times, was used in substitution for the third verse which begins: "O Lord our God, arise, Scatter his enemies. . ."

Here is the verse which might well be sung on all occasions in these turbulent times of peace-making:

"Nor on this land alone—
But be God's mercies known,
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er."

First Offenders

Throughout the worst of the war, Mr. and Mrs. James Phillips, of Coventry, England, had eight sons in the British Army—and for each they went through those agonies of anxiety and suspense that every parent with a son in the Forces knew.

Also, they went through the Coventry blitz—and stuck it.

Then, at the end of July, 1944, one of their sons, Leonard, was reported "missing, presumed killed". But thirteen months later, Leonard walked into the house, unable to say what had happened him, and obviously very ill.

Overjoyed, Mrs. Phillips nursed back to health the son she had given up as dead.

So it was that James Phillips, aged 63, and his wife Agnes, aged 60, were charged at Coventry with "concealing" Leonard between September, 1945, and July, 1946, "knowing him to be a deserter."

"No family in this country has had what these old people have had to put up with in this war," it was pleaded on behalf of James and Agnes. And the Chairman of the Magistrates said this to them:

"We are very proud of you. You have a fine record and have suffered a great deal. Because of that we shall dismiss the case under the Probation of Offenders Act."

Cross for Odette

In 1940 Mrs. Odette Sanson was just a British housewife looking after her three daughters. French-born, she felt impelled to work for the liberation of France. "I told myself that my duty lay with my children," she is reported as saying. "For months I battled with my conscience before I decided to become a British agent. . . ."

So began the secret life of Odette Sanson, which was recently revealed in a citation in the *London Gazette*. For Mrs. Sanson had just been awarded the George Cross, a decoration reserved only for acts of the greatest heroism.

"Infiltrated" into enemy-occupied France for special work with the Resistance Movement, she was arrested. She refused to disclose the whereabouts of two British officers whose lives were of the greatest value to the Allied cause. The Gestapo seared her back with red-hot irons and pulled out her toenails. Still she refused to talk. "By her courage, determination and sacrifice, she saved the lives of these two officers" states the citation. She even agreed that she, and not her commanding officer, arrested with her, should be shot.

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THE RED & WHITE STORES

Dutch Underground

(Continued from page 33)

of the house had plans ready-made for me. The household consisted of a girl of about twenty-five, a lad of eighteen, and their mother. None of them could speak English. The lad, however, had picked up a word or two, and was anxious to learn more, so we spent the forenoon with a book of Dutch phrases with their English translation.

Next day, about two in the afternoon, I was called from the backyard where I was sunning myself, and introduced to a chap who spoke to me in perfect English. He informed me that he had spent the last four years in a German prison-camp. There, he had taken the opportunity to learn English so that he could be of service to such as I when he got out. He had a job looking after stock in German Army and Airforce camps, was friendly with a number of German officials—but his real work was with the Underground newspaper. He had written the note I had burned.

Talking with him, I realized the desperate game he was playing. It appeared almost incredible, but I could not help liking and trusting him. When he finally left, he told me he would send me a suit of clothes the next day, as I would be moving on soon. He also informed me I would not see him again.

Two days later, I was mounted on a bike following a tall silent Dutchman. He led me to the small town of Orscot, which we entered by a back street. I was dressed in a fine suit of tweeds, and felt pretty confident. We went boldly to the door of a house. A knock, and it was opened by a smiling young lady. My guide spoke to her in Dutch, and left me there. The young woman led me into the house, where I was greeted by a young man, who could speak enough English for us to converse.

This chap told me that another Canadian was on his way to meet me. He could not tell me his name, but did know that he was a bomb-aimer. In my mind, I could see my old pal Gus. Davies, and I hoped it would be he. However when the fellow did arrive, he was a stranger to me. But he talked my language, had a good-natured grin, and soon I found myself grinning back at him and exchanging chatter. He was named Joe Hooks, and came from Drumheller, Alberta.

The Dutchman left us together to get acquainted. I noted that both of us scrupulously dodged questions that approached the category of "giving information to the enemy". For that reason my respect for Joe grew apace.

About four o'clock that afternoon, we followed our new friend down the main street of the town. In spite of my new suit, I thought everyone would recognize me for what I was. and there, in the middle of the street, was a German soldier.

Joe and I exchanged glances, then, looking straight ahead, passed the Jerry and on out of town. Our feeling now was that, unless we were called upon to talk, we could pass as Dutchmen.

Later, we were joined by a Dutch policeman. He was slim and brown, with a dare-devil look. He patted the revolver by his belt, and said: "Have no fear."

Once more Joe and I exchanged glances. Things were going our way, apparently.



The policeman got a car at the next stop, and took us to a thinly settled district. He stopped the car where a large grove of pine trees flanked the road. Loaded with blankets and a box of food, we crawled through the wood on hands and knees lest we break any of the lower branches. After progressing slowly thus for a hundred yards, we relaxed and stood to our feet. Progress afoot was much faster, and after travelling about half-a-mile farther, we arrived at a small clearing. Our guide had preceded us, and we found

him kicking around among the pine needles. His feet uncovered a trap-door. Raising it, we looked into a man-made cave. This was to be our home for the next eight days.

The time passed fairly quickly. An old fellow brought us cold tea every morning, and this, with the bread, butter, sugar and sausage from our grub-box, supplied our meals. It rained nearly every day, and our refuge was far from waterproof.

A week below ground, and both of us needed a shave pretty badly. We tried to make our friend understand what we wanted, but failed. However, we understood from him that the policeman was coming to see us the next day.

Next morning, the old Dutchman appeared early, with hot tea and some cakes for us. His first words were: "Invasie! Invasie! Invasie come!"

I jumped up, and started to fire questions at him.

"Invasion? Where?"

"Are the Dutch forming a Partisan Army?" I asked, indicating that, if so, I wanted to join right away.

All my questions remained unanswered—he had not understood a single one of them.

All of us were too excited to think straight. Joe and I had visions of a landing on the Belgian or Dutch coasts; but somewhere, we knew, there would be action for us soon.

The policeman came shortly before noon. We heard more details, and had a shave. After that, he informed us he had found a house for us to live in. We would have to stay there two weeks, before going on to Belgium.

About ten o'clock that night, we met Andrie Schatts.

The policeman had instructed us to follow a man we would find waiting at the fork of the road; we would take one fork with the newcomer; he himself would take the other.

The man at the fork was Andrie. His first words were: "Follow me!" This, I felt, was real Underground stuff—no ersatz, conspiratorial.

Having travelled all afternoon, we were now a long way from our cave in the pine trees.



We followed Andrie into a village, (Zeelst), and approached a house from the rear. The back door stood open. From it, a smiling lady said: "Welcome to my house."

She motioned us into the living room where we met another young woman. Shortly afterwards, our hostess entered, introduced herself as Mrs. Willy Tendency, and the young woman as Marguerite Bazzelmans. Andrie rejoined us, and we sat down to supper.

"Willy" (as we learned to call her, later) was kept busy interpreting for Joe, me and Andrie. She said that Marguerite could speak English; but that first night we could not get a word out of her. Later, we were given a good bed, but had to get up at five o'clock in the morning to go up to the attic, taking with us sufficient food for the day.

From one of the windows in the attic, I was surprised to see a German airdrome not more than a half-mile to the south. The other (the north) window overlooked the main street of the town. German officers and men passed by frequently in the street. We understood the necessity that confined us to the attic.

Soon we had become better acquainted with our hosts. Marguerite had become "Maggie" to us—and, since they had not heard the name before, they thought it was all right.

Andrie visited us every night. It seemed he was never idle. He had a butcher-shop in town, which he opened every morning at seven, and he seemed always to be engaged on Underground work long into the night.

Willy had given us a tangled ball of twine, to use in making our getaway by the window should the Jerries come. With that tangled skein, it looked a hopeless job; so I undertook to braid the twine into a rope. It took most of

the day to do the job, but when I finished I was rewarded with praise from Andrie. We fixed an anchor for it, and felt the more secure in consequence.

★

A FEW DAYS later, about three in the afternoon, Maggie called us downstairs. She informed us that the Gestapo were on the prowl, searching houses to see what they could find. Willy had gone out to look around, and would be back shortly to tell us what we should do.

When she came, Willy told us to go out through the garden into the narrow street behind, over the hedge and into the wheat field beyond. This we did, but the darned hedge was seven feet high, and too thick to crawl through.

I was in the lead, and as I looked for Joe, I saw Maggie and a slim blonde woman coming towards us. Without a word, they ran up to me, grabbed me by the legs, and threw me over the hedge. Joe hurtled over shortly after. We sat up, exchanged glances, and were about to explode into violent laughter when, suddenly, shots in the streets brought us face-to-face with reality.

We lay quietly, scarce breathing, peering to see what was happening on the other side of the hedge. A small party of men hurried past. We could not imagine what they were after. Anyway, they passed by us.

Nothing more occurred until eleven that night. Then Andrie approached, whistling "God Save the King." When he was opposite us, we answered with a low whistle. He threw an old coat over the hedge top, holding it on his side so that it could not slip, and instructed us to climb over. It was quite dark when we got back to the house.

The Germans, it appeared, had been hunting some chap for forced labor, and had found him a few doors away on our street. They had handcuffed him, and started to march him through the door. The Dutchman, waiting until the first German behind him was in the door, knocked the gun from his hand, and ran off down the street. The other Jerries had shot at him, but he had made a clean break.

A WEEK passed without incident of note. Then, one day, we heard the roar of aircraft overhead. Willy rushed upstairs to us, crying: "They'll bomb the airfield. They'll hit the village. What shall I do with the children?"

Willy had a boy of five and a little girl of two. I told her to take them to the cellar, but I assured her that, if our chaps were after the airfield, they would not hit the village. Joe echoed my confidence, and Willy grew calmer. From the commotion in the streets, however, I doubt if any of the Dutchmen shared our faith.

From the south window, Joe and I watched the bombers swoop over. They were American 'planes—Fortresses and Liberators—flying perfect formation. The A.A. guns opened up, but the 'planes never wavered. They went straight in on the target, and almost immediately we heard the bombs descending. The explosions began to rock the buildings. It looked a good bombing job to me. Smoke and dirt rose well over a hundred feet.

Two more waves came in; then they circled and headed for home. The sight made me homesick, but I had little time to probe my own feelings, for Willy and Maggie appeared almost hysterical with joy. They slapped us on the back, telling us how glad they were, and how right we had been. All we could do was grin.

"Are the Canadians and British as good as these Americans?" they asked.

We thought so, anyway, we said.

That night, I asked Andrie when we could move on. Not for another two weeks, he said, as the Underground was rather disorganized at the moment, the Germans having caught and shot fourteen of its leaders. The re-organization process would be slow. However, he was having a radio made for us so we could get the news. It would be ready next day.

★

Two other people had widened the circle of our Dutch acquaintances. They were Saar and Yohan Picklehairing.



"But, what if your Dad doesn't — that is, what if : : :"

"Oh Dad's a dear, he'll approve. Just put him in a happy mood with a Sweet Cap first."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



Saar was the young lady who had helped Maggie throw us over the hedge. She had spent a year in England, and could talk the language fairly well. Yohan could speak and write English also, and almost every day he brought us written reports of the day's news.

There was also Willy's husband, Yaun Tendency. Yaun was a fine fellow, always confident of an Allied victory; but he was not an active member of the Underground. He had been an officer in the Dutch Army, and was wanted by the Gestapo; so spent most of his time away from home. We had been in his home nine days before he learned of our presence. Then he visited us. Willy had been afraid he would want us moved out, but his only comment was that he wished he had the nerve to do more himself. He cautioned us against talking, or making any noise, however, gave me a cigar (Joe didn't smoke), and went about his business.

Our radio came next day, as promised. It was smaller than we had expected. Indeed, either of us could have put it in our pocket. We soon learned how to get the news, and even picked up some American stations. With maps of France, Belgium and Holland before us, we were able to follow the progress of the Second Front, using red coloring to mark Allied advances. Our friends began to come to us for news, reversing the previous process.

★

Time passed, slowly it seemed. The weather was hot, and the little attic almost unbearable. By this time the Germans had sent so many men into Belgium that Andrie said it was impossible for the Underground to pass anyone through that country. We agreed it was better for us to stay, as the Allies were then advancing about forty miles a day.

The bombers came back and gave the airdrome another going over almost on the very day the Germans completed repairs of the previous damage. It was R.A.F. and R.C.A.F.,

this time. They came in daylight, preceded by Pathfinders. I wondered how many of my friends were up there. The Jerries opened up with their anti-aircraft guns, but did not score a hit, so far as I could see. The Lancasters and Halifaxes seemed to drop heavier bombs than the Americans had used. The village shook, and some of the windows fell in. However, the bombing was good, and the village was untouched.

Willy had believed us when we told her the village was safe, this time. She was at the window with us, watching the show. I noticed too, that the Dutchmen in the streets looked up at the 'planes, without a symptom of the worry apparent during the previous raid. I thought with pride that our boys were sure living up to the reputation we had given them.

★

Joe celebrated his twenty-first birthday in the attic. Willy made him the best cake possible with the materials available to her; she invited all our friends, and staged a party.

We had then been in the attic for more than a month. I had come to think that it would be a miracle if we ever got out. Frequently, too, I wondered what had happened to my old aircrew. I had not been able to learn a thing about any of them. Andrie had searched, through his Underground friends, but uncovered no trace. Knowing these chaps, I knew they would not give themselves up without a struggle. All those things remained unanswered. I tried not to think of them; but, with so much time on my hands, the thoughts would recur.

Meanwhile, with two decks of cards, our radio, and all the English books our Dutch friends could muster, we passed the time. After three months in the attic, most of it hot stuffy weather, our ambitions had oozed. We had good food. Andrie saw to that. He stole meat for us from his own butcher-shop. In addition, he managed to steal ration cards for us. Willy and her friends did everything they could to



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keep us cheerful, and we did get by pretty well, all things considered.

By this time, the Germans were in mad retreat. They poured past the house in every type of vehicle they could lay their hands on. Brussels had been liberated, and the Allies seemed headed in our direction.

Andrie now talked of a Partisan Army. He promised me a place in it, and Joe had no desire to remain out of a scrap. The airdrome had been bombed eight times by this time. We had seen an American Liberator go down, and twelve men bail out. Andrie ascertained that all had got away except three. One of those captured had a broken leg, and the other two had volunteered to stay with him. Then, too, a Spitfire had been shot down half-a-mile west. Andrie had been riding his bike by as the plane crashed and burst into flames. Rushing over, he found the pilot dead. He left in a hurry as the Germans would be there any minute.

At this time, I was very unsettled, and anxious for activity of some kind. The news was very good, and the Germans started to blow up what was left of the airdrome. Word finally came through that British troops were on the Belgian-Dutch border, just fifteen miles away. As they had been making from twenty to forty miles a day up to then, we felt sure they would be in Zeelst the next day.

The Germans began to move out. They took every bicycle they could find. Some tried to trade radios for them, or pay cash; but the majority held the owners at the point of a gun and took what they wanted. Resistance was useless; for the Dutchmen were without weapons of any kind. The best they could do was to hide the stuff they knew the Germans wanted.

Daily we lived in expectation of word that arms and ammunition had been dropped from the air. They did not come, however, so two of the Underground volunteered to visit the British line. It was a risky job; but they made it, returning safely in two days. We were not getting weapons, they informed us. "It was against Orders," was the only reason given by the British.



JOE AND I emerged from hiding, that day. We walked around, just looking at things. It was a queer feeling to be out—and free—after more than three months' confinement in the attic. We were discussing the immediate problem. It was almost two weeks since the British had stopped fifteen miles away; it seemed to us they were missing an easy chance to advance, as the few Germans left in the area appeared badly disorganized.

Suddenly we heard a commotion in the street; a few shots from a machine gun. We rushed to the door just in time to see a big Pontiac civilian car stop with a shrieking of brakes. Five Jerries leaped from it. They had two machine guns, one on either side. Leaving these, they started back at a rush in the direction from which they had come.

"We must have that car," yelled Yaun. "Come with me."

Out we ran and manhandled the car into the yard behind our house. I was handed a machine gun, with the simple order, "Make it work."

It felt good to have a real machine gun in my hands again, and quite a thrill to know I had something to fight with. Unobserved by me, a crowd had gathered behind me. I looked the gun over; it had a drum of ammunition in place. All I had to do was to find the Fire and Safe. This done, I pointed the gun at a low brick wall and pressed the trigger. It worked; a nice smooth fast action. I slipped it back on Safe.

Yaun handed me the other gun. "Test this one." It was of the same pattern; worked just as promptly and smoothly. Then I looked around, and marvelled at the collection of new friends I had made. They all began slapping my back.

I shook hands with the strangers amongst them. They were astounded when informed that Joe and I had been in the village for nearly four months.

Later, a harmless looking old farmer rode into the village on a bike. He spoke to Yaun, in Dutch. Yaun turned to me: "Bring the machine gun!"

Keeping one, I handed the other to Joe.

Willy rushed up: "Did you see the British tank?" she cried. "It shot over the German car, and chased the Germans out of it."

We had no time for talk. Yaun by this time had the car going. He told Joe and me that the Germans were in a field not far away, and we were going out to take them.

We said "O.K.," and started out—three men in the back seat, three in the front, Joe and I with our guns on the running board. There had been two rifles in the car, and a number of hand grenades; each of the Dutchmen had a weapon of some sort.

Two hundred yards from the field, Yaun took charge. He outlined his plan in English. We had all put on blue coveralls, with a white band on our left arm bearing the letters "P.A.N.," and the word "Orange". That was the Partisan uniform.

Four brush-covered ditches crossed the field where the Jerries lay, two running north and south, the other two east and west. Before us lay the first north-south ditch with enough brush to cover us from the Germans who occupied the parallel ditch two hundred yards west.

Yaun's plan was for me to take two men, each carrying a drum of ammunition and a hand grenade, follow the ditch a hundred yards south, then switch to the east-west ditch going west until we crossed the ditch concealing the Jerries. Joe, Yaun and the rest of the party were to go north to the next ditch, then follow it west half-way to the enemy-occupied ditch. They would give me five minutes to get into position, then open fire, strafing the German ditch until they chased the beggars out to the west, more or less into my arms. I was to take them prisoner or shoot them down, according to their actions.



The operation proceeded according to plan until I reached the ditch the Germans were in. As I crossed it, I noticed the tracks of army boots pointing south. If this meant that the Germans had moved south, the original plan was washed out, and it was all up to me and my two companions. I moved south, to investigate. And there, not thirty yards away, a German helmet stuck out from the brush. The Jerry saw me almost at the same moment I saw him. I brought my machine gun into position, slipped the catch to Fire, and pressed the trigger. Immediately, the brush sprouted ten hands, all held high—and empty. I eased pressure on the trigger, and motioned the Jerries from the ditch. Out they came; I then motioned them to stop.

What was I to do with them now? Having no German, I could give them no order.

One of our men began jumping up and down, shouting; the other held his hand grenade ready to pull the pin and throw. Two minutes went by, then the rest of our band came at the double.

Yaun gave the order to approach the Jerries from either side so that I could keep them covered by my machine gun. They searched the prisoners, taking everything of use or value from them.

Farmers and their wives began to congregate at the spot. They surrounded the Germans, and began to manhandle them roughly. Yaun ordered them back. He told the Germans that I was a Canadian, after which they stuck so close they seemed afraid to leave me.

The prisoners were taken to a nearby farm and locked up while we considered what to do with them. Some wanted

to shoot them right away. Yaun said, "No, we must conduct ourselves as a civilized army, if we wish to be treated as such."

My opinion was asked, but I thought it better to remain neutral. Finally, Yaun's argument won out; we marched the prisoners to the village and locked them in a cellar.

It was now midnight. I was very tired. When some of the Dutchmen volunteered to stand guard, the rest of us buzzed off to get some much-needed rest.

Joe and I were wakened about six o'clock next morning. Six Germans had been located in a field about six miles away; the Dutch were going after them. We were to come, bringing the machine guns.

Without stopping for breakfast, we started out. After driving around for four hours following directions from farmers, we had to give up the search for the Jerries. In the excitement and uncertainties of the times, wild rumors started easily and spread rapidly.

Reaching home, Andrie informed us that we were to place a guard on the canal bridge near the town, as it carried the main water supply as well as the electric light and power cables. We marched out to mount the guard, leaving Joe at headquarters with one machine gun in case some Germans came looking for trouble.

The afternoon at the bridge was uneventful; our relief came about six o'clock.

Relief did not mean rest, however. Word came that four hundred Germans had moved into a village four miles away, had barricaded themselves in the church, and were maintaining themselves by looting supplies from that and neighboring villages. They had two tanks, immobile for want of gas; but their guns were serviceable. They also had some anti-tank guns. With this weight of armament we had nothing to cope, so direct attack was out of the question. We decided, therefore, to head off their looting parties and contain the Jerries within the church.

Two days of constant patrol activity followed, with not much fighting—or sleeping, or eating. During the second day, we watched transport 'planes bring in our Airborne troops. From what I have heard since, it was the landing at Arnhem. We could see them all the way, and those with binoculars saw the 'chutes descend. Fighters also came over looking for something to strafe. The few German vehicles in that part were knocked out the moment they moved. The Dutchmen were loud in their praises at this expert work. Andrie told me of a Spitfire that had shot up a German truck and trailer on the outskirts of Eindhoven. Civilians were all about, but not a single one of them was hit. The vehicles were completely wrecked. I told him it must have been a Canadian flier's work. That amused him; but he agreed the Canadians were good fliers.

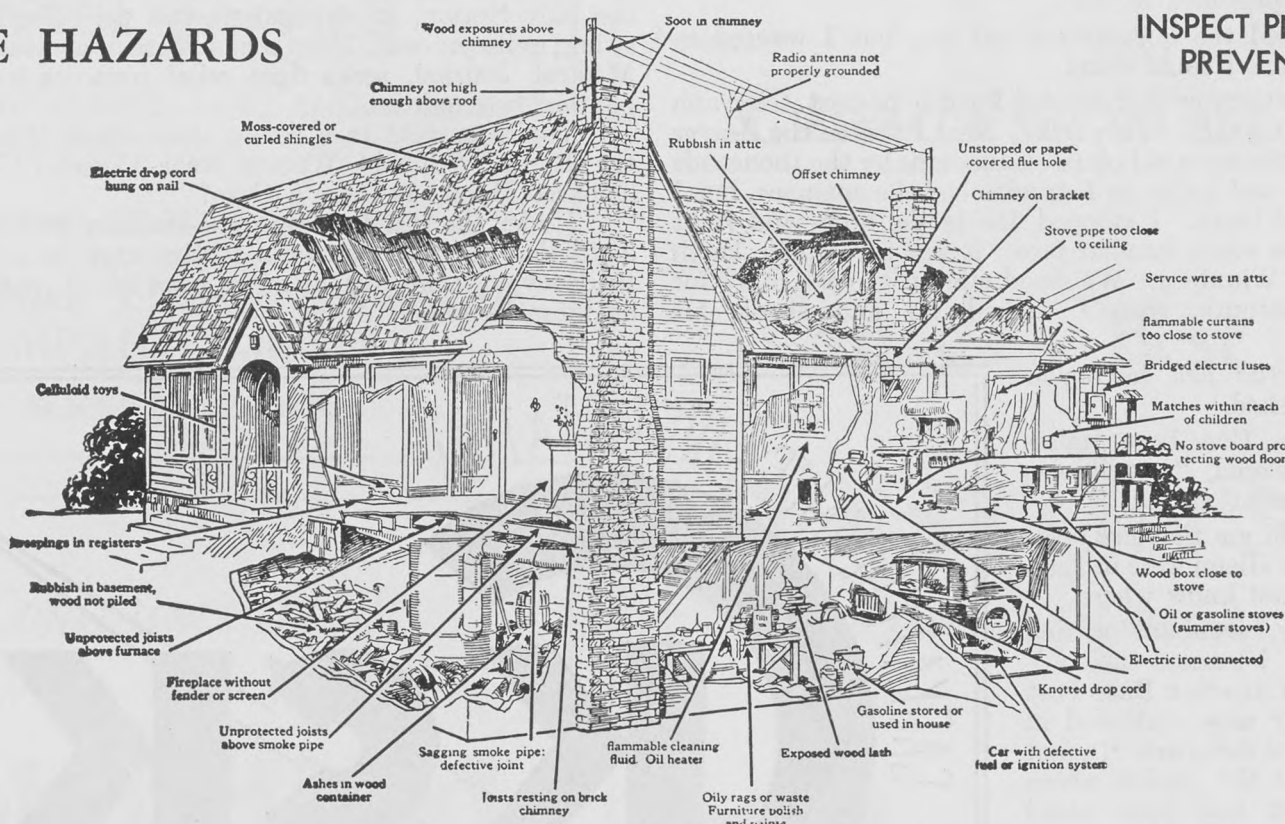
Next day, British troops arrived. I talked to some English soldiers, and they gave me some cigarettes and chocolate. The chocolate I gave to Willy and Maggie; the cigarettes I passed out to my partisan friends.

Meanwhile, I had started to teach some of the Dutchmen all I knew about the machine guns, of which we had six by now. I also helped some master their rifles. These people never had used a rifle in peace-time, and did not know much about firearms.

The following day, a small 'plane landed on the airdrome, so Joe and I decided to see what was doing. Taking our few belongings and the souvenirs we had collected, we said goodbye to our friends and started out. We found men at work everywhere, cleaning up the mess. None of them could give us any information. At last we spotted an officer. Approaching him, we introduced ourselves. He could not help us, but advised us to hang around and await eventualities. Next, we met the C.O. of the place. Having asked us a few questions to satisfy himself as to our identity he told us to stay close to the small 'plane. It would be leaving for Brussels shortly, he said; but we would have to talk the pilot into a ride.

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We got our ride, all right; also a good look at the country over which the battlefront had lately moved. Wrecks of all kinds were strewn over the full distance. On arriving at Brussels, we were called on to identify ourselves. Neither had much of anything to prove identity, the only tangible thing being Joe's watch which had his name and number on the back. As a precaution, I suppose, we were given a guard. He turned out to be a Yorkshireman, from a place not far from the home town of our old wireless operator, Rodgers. We soon were talking about that part of the country. I told him something of our story. One of his remarks sticks in my mind: "You're a Canadian, all right," he said. "Nobody but a Canadian could string a line like you've just strung."

The joke was on me; I laughed with the rest of them.

The following morning, we were interrogated again, and apparently made a better impression this time, for we were told to hunt a ride on a transport 'plane for England. We were lucky, and got aboard a D.C. 3 with seventeen other chaps who had had experiences similar to ours.



I landed in England on September 24, just four months to the day from the time I had last taken off from there. The seemingly impossible had happened; I found myself thinking I'd wake up in the attic to find it all a dream.

Well, if it was a dream, somebody had decided to put some nice-looking W.A.A.F. girls in it. . . . and one of them was telling four of us to get into her staff car so that she could drive us around to the places where we had to report.

The first question on reaching R.C.A.F. Headquarters was about my crew. The first name was that of Squadron-Leader Bennett, D.S.O., D.F.C., "presumed dead". I could not read further for a minute. I had sensed it ever since I had left the 'plane; but the stark fact hit me like a ton of bricks nonetheless. I read on down the list: Bill Baker, D.F.C., prisoner of war; Gus Davies, D.F.C., prisoner of war; Elmer Rodgers, D.F.M., prisoner of war; Vern. Joel and Jack Reece, prisoners of war.

I answered the questions asked me, but I wanted to get away where I could think.

Interrogations over, I headed for the nearest telegraph office and sent a cable to my folks. Next I visited the Beaver Club; it was the same old place. Canadians by the thousands were coming and going as I approached the entrance, but I knew none of them. I stepped inside the door, and right in front of me was a familiar face. It was my cousin, Hugh Frame, from Winnipeg. We stood staring at each other for a full half-minute; then I walked up and shook his hand.

"Where the hell have you been?" he asked.

"I guess I've been 'missing'," I answered, "but it was not a permanent ailment."

Hugh told me that my brothers Bob and Glenn were in England; he did not know where.

Next day, I set about locating my brothers. I learned their addresses from Canadian Base Post Office. They were stationed in Yorkshire, not far apart. In fact Glenn was at the station where 408 Squadron had been based when I left it.

It was evening when I walked into his billet. He sat, writing a letter, his back toward me, as I entered. I walked over to him and slapped him on the back. It startled him for a mo-

ment; but he acted almost as if he had expected me. As a matter of fact, he had; for a W.D. friend of ours, Margy Parsonage, working in the Records Office in London, had seen my name come up as safe, and had wired the boys I was in London.

Bob and Glenn got leave, and back we went to London. Margy Parsonage and Jessie Leslie were there—and with these real Canadian girls from home, my idea that it was all a dream came to an end.

Two weeks leave proved all too short. I went to a report centre, and soon found myself on draft to go home. Joe was with me again, and some old pals from the Squadron were to make the trip with us, so we anticipated a pleasant crossing. We returned on the *Queen Mary*, landing at New York, October 29.

On November 4, Mother and Dad met me as I got off the train at Maple Creek. I was home. It seemed that all my dreams had come true, all my hopes been realized. I wore the two-tour badge of a Pathfinder Wing.

I was discharged on March 6, 1945. I had wanted to go back Overseas to help finish the job, but the "Authorities" had other views.

VE-Day came along. The boys started coming home. I wanted to get back in the fight with the Japs. For that I quit a job in Winnipeg, and went home. Before I had a chance to rejoin for Pacific service, the Japs folded up.

The war was over.

What now?

We have won the war. I hope we shall win the Peace. We can, I think, if we stick together.

That is my story. It is a sample, I believe, of what happened to the Lucky Ones over there.



Pipe Smokers Arise

Britain is getting along the road to recovery. The proof: the Silly Season, in newspapers and periodicals, is in full swing; quite pre-war. Even that austere periodical, the *British Medical Journal*, seeks light relief from its own medico-political profundities.

Topics current in a recent issue were: "Specks before the Eyes," "Should Women wear Corsets?" and "The Tobacco Habit: Is there a Cure?"

Under the last heading, pipe-smokers were horrified to learn that their fundamental motive may be a "a sucking tendency. . . . a movement away from life. . . . a reversion to an infantile solace."

SASKATCHEWAN'S FIRST STATION



They Say — —

"Churchill is a great internationalist because he always has England on his heart, America on his mind, and Havana on his lips."—*Anon.*

★

"I'm utterly tired of being THE great lover. It's a bore and a nuisance. When I was a boy of twenty it was all right, but I was a boy of twenty 26 years ago."—*Charles Boyer.*

★

"My husband is not a man to beat about the bush. His one and only word to me was 'Go!'"—*Wife in Court.*

★

"I once said if I really hated a man I would sentence him to live for ever in a first-class hotel. I think that is the most awful prospect one can possibly contemplate."—*Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin.*

★

"During the war, men who had been fire-watching often dropped off to sleep in church. Now I don't know what to think."—*English Clergyman.*

★

"My wife's temper is in keeping with the weather—variable."—*Husband in London Court.*

★

"My husband has refused to let me go hop-picking, because he considers it a waste of effort now the beer is so weak."—*Wife in a Kent (England) Court.*

★

"There are two things we Scots have in common with you Russians. We get better as the night grows longer, and we like to drink with our chess."—*Hector McNeil, British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs to Mr. Molotov.*



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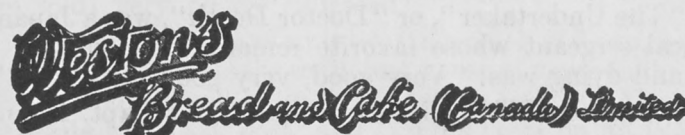
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Warrior's Prayer

Great God of Battles hear this prayer
Of all we humble fighting men:
If war must be, let it be fair;
Just blade to blade and man again!

And once the issue has been wrought
By stout of heart and prowess good,
Let us sit down with him we fought,
Share victory's wine in brotherhood!

If war must be, let fighters true,
With gallant vanquished, sit to solve
And sift the quarrel through and through;
From it a worthy peace evolve!

Let no vainglorious banner wave
O'er valorous, defeated foe;
Nay—let us help his wounds to lave
And help his journeys to and fro!

Great God of Battles, hear this prayer
Of all we humble fighting men:
If war must be let it be fair;
Just blade to blade and man again!

No cynic statesmen soil the gain
Of us who knew the heat of fray,
Who knew the cross and warrior's pain,
Yet honored him we had to slay!

And, God of Battles, teach us all
To scorn the gas, the bomb, and flame!
Let us our adversary call
To stand and fight and play the game;

To war not on the old or fair;
Nor blast their home with hellish dew;
But honest valor let us share,
Fight out our fight, then build anew!

Alas, O Lord, how vain this prayer
Of all we humble fighting men
For war to be a man's affair—
Just blade to blade and man again!

—Harold Baldwin,
Swift Current.

Disney Stuff

The Frog, the Undertaker, Donald Duck, the Mad Mongol, and Drunken Bill, all have been condemned to death, and hanged.

These were the nicknames of Japanese and Korean torturers and murderers whose victims were British prisoners of war. Courts sitting in Siam convicted them of atrocities for which they paid the penalty.

"The Frog" was named Takiasakhi, a Japanese officer who always carried a long curved sword which he used on the slightest provocation.

"The Undertaker", or "Doctor Death", was a Japanese medical sergeant whose favorite remark when visiting the sick and dying was: "Very good, very good, he's dead."

"Drunken Bill", alias "Cocaboo", was Capt. Kokubo, camp commandant, who used to walk around with drawn sword slashing down anything within reach. A banana plantation near his house was flattened by his sword before he left.

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Old Soldiers Never Die

They Simply Fade Away

By Harold Baldwin, *Swift Current*

FRIDAY morning, October 4, despite the lowering clouds, the bleakness of the day, the thought of a controversial meeting ahead of me that night, I started for the business section of the city of Swift Current, feeling able to take on my weight in wolverines, and those same old carcajous can lick anything their own weight and considerable beyond.

Not that anybody takes a tubby, little old man seriously; but what a tough little package went into my sixty-four inches, in October, 1914, when we started one rainy morning for the S.S. Lapland, the flagship of the thirty-two transports which bore the first Canadian contingent to Blighty. For it was on October 4, 1914, that the great armada bearing thirty-two thousand troops set out from Gaspé Bay for Europe. Front, flanks and rear were covered by British warships. Jerry's fleet was still at large and thirty-two laden transports would have been nice fall hunting for Von Spee and Co.

In those days I hefted 140 pounds, hammered lean and hard by six years of homesteading, threshing, lumbering, hoboing, and the general activities of any working stiff of a steerage immigrant in those days in "The Land of Hope."

Alongside me marched my black familiar. Raven black his hair then,—it is white now; but his blistering vocabulary has only mellowed by time and is as forceful, today, as when we discussed S.M.'s, non-coms and C.O.'s, and other fauna, rampant in the C.E.F. His pen drips the same subtle wit or bludgeon humor—depending on to whom he writes.

When he and I set out to save democracy or something, he was often told by sergeants, sergeant majors, et al, up to the C.O., what a sloven he was, and how great a disgrace to the uniform with which they had mistakenly equipped him. At such times he would lay back his ears a trifle, look straight to his front with the expression on his face as vivacious as that of the Wooden Horse of Troy; but in that rigid pose went the acme of insolence. They tell me old swaddies of the old regular army could do it as superbly. They must have been masters at their art.

On several occasions, after warning him not to utter another word, they got him for 'dumb insolence'; but, usually, they could do nothing about it—and we loved him for his great gift. Of medium height, swart and blue-eyed he stood in awe of nothing, no matter how much brass it wore. How he became a citizen and soldier of the Dominion has its interest.

Some years before "Dress For Parade" blew in 1914, he was a sedate bank clerk in an ancient city in England, and bank regulations called for sedate apparel. The "big shot" in that particular dispensary of the mammon of unrighteousness called him in to tell him he would look more in keeping with the bank's dignity if he wore a bowler (Derby) hat. Being by nature a buck, he felt he needed a bowler hat as badly as a Highland Scot needs water with his whisky. A slight altercation followed, which terminated with the bank official's bowler firmly welded over his ears. Then and there—according to my swart sidekick—the career of a great banker was nipped in the bud.

Gathering a few sovereigns together, he joined a horde of emigrants being shovelled out of Europe by the steamship

companies for the "Land of Hope" and "Farms For Two Pounds".

After his arrival in Canada, feeling that a change of profession would be to his advantage, he chose the profession of cook's helper on a Great Lakes' freighter, where—so he declares—he first attained his mastery of the English tongue, for which I personally can vouch.

On our journey to England, in 1914, he objected to discipline and physical jerks. They had issued sweaters "troops for the use of", and deck shoes. Naturally, as well as by the peculiar genius of "quarter blokes", he obtained a sweater which reached to the back of his knees. His deck shoes flapped on his feet like snowshoes on the feet of a novice. Over his swart pate he wore a red toque down over his ears. Double! snapped the order. We doubled—with laughter which hurt. Stooped over like some dysentery-cursed ape, his hairy fists thrust down in the pockets of the sweater, a look of utter ennui on his face, he was the funniest sight I ever remember having seen. Always a fraction of a second behind in all squad drills, yet never enough for our "junkers" to pull anything on him, he was ever the same. As a man in the line, he was all man!

Long after the 1914-1918 fracas had been forgotten I was called to a hospital in the north. A returned man had been taken from a trap-line, his dogs scattered, his traps untended—snowblind! When I spoke to him he reared up in bed to curse me in his gladness. I could see through him so emaciated was he. But the irrepressible, indomitable old sweat raged within the shell, even though we could only celebrate in ice-cream.

We kept up a desultory correspondence, and the next I heard of him was in some God-forsaken dump on the shores of Lake Huron.

"They'll find that silly old blankety-blank," I said to myself, "in some clump o' scrubs, or frisked and dead in some Great Lakes' port."

Naturally, when the 2nd W.W. broke out, the ancient idiot sought to join the army again, for a few more years of non-com. baiting or something, and one day I strolled along the platform at Swift Current where a trainload of Vets' Guardsmen stretched their legs. Suddenly a voice, which I shall recognize above the din of carouse when reunions are staged in Valhalla, reached my ears.

"Hey, you, runt! How'd you like to serve the King?"

My answer was only labial in its disloyalty, but old soldiers will remember what it was, and what I replied to him.

Despite his white hair, he looked fit and hard, and the change from the emaciated, snowblind man I had seen in the bush hospital was little short of miraculous. Well, that old First Contingent was tough, anyway, albeit (so we are told) very poorly educated.

Now the second affair is over in a crack of doom, perhaps, before a third leaves the earth just a wisp of vapor in the Milky Way, he and I will be gathered to our fathers. Meanwhile, he waits for 'Last Post' and 'Lights Out' on an island off the Pacific Coast, where I am to visit him shortly. Fear-somely we'll spit and lie, and fearsomely we'll swear. Old sweats can't be caught (shall we call it?) emoting!



AID FOR VETERANS

Provincial Rehab. Activities

By **HON. J. H. STURDY**

Minister of Reconstruction and Rehabilitation

PREFACING the booklet "Back to Saskatchewan" issued under authority of the Department of Reconstruction and Rehabilitation, I wrote:

"Although Rehabilitation is often considered solely the concern of the Dominion, Saskatchewan firmly believes that the most effective solution of the problem lies in the closest co-operation between the provinces and the Federal Government. If we are to succeed in this task we must realize that service personnel become active citizens of Saskatchewan as well as veterans when they leave the armed forces.

"This is the motivating principle behind our Rehabilitation Program."

Starting with a small staff of rehabilitation-conscious persons, most of whom have served in His Majesty's Forces, the Department has grown so that besides the Minister and Deputy Minister, there is now a good-sized office and field staff, trained and equipped to help solve the problems confronting veterans of World Wars "1" and "2".

Job Surveys conducted regularly in cities, towns and villages in the province provide relevant information and at the same time stimulate interest in veterans' rehabilitation problems. Many employers wholeheartedly support the Department by filling out and returning questionnaires mailed to them, thereby indicating their employment needs of the near future. These informative returns enable departmental officials to tabulate data which is distributed daily to District Rehabilitation Committees and National Employment Offices.

The latest Surveys indicate that approximately only 50% of jobs had been reported to National Employment Service at the time employers reported to the Rehabilitation Division. Moreover, general information statements of near-future openings are mailed weekly to all Secretaries of War Services Organizations and Rehabilitation Committees; these are posted in club rooms and other suitable places for the benefit of unemployed veterans who may wish to write the Department for details about any job advertised. Veterans using this service are referred to employers directly.

While many veterans are only interested in, and do well, working for somebody else, others are keen to go into business for themselves. In order to meet the needs of the business-minded, the Rehabilitation Division conducts Business Opportunity Surveys periodically. An increasing and useful file of opportunities is broken down and classified from day to day, in order that up-to-date listings can be forwarded to counsellors of the Department of Veterans Affairs at large centres, who use the information to inform the veterans they interview.

Besides, all war service organizations and Rehabilitation Committees receive this information direct from the Rehabilitation Division, which is posted in appropriate places to enable veterans in their locality to obtain complete details about businesses for sale in other parts of the province.

The Reconstruction Division is responsible for conversion of airport buildings and apartment blocks into suitable dwelling places for veterans, and so far 500 families have been aided in Regina, North Battleford, Weyburn, Swift Current, Saskatoon and other centres. The extension of the emergency housing program will be limited only by lack of building supplies. The Department has also made application to Ottawa for assistance to proceed with the construction of low rental houses under the National Housing Act. In anticipation of demand for housing for married veterans attending University, an

Air School at Saskatoon was purchased in 1945, and rapidly converted into community apartments of 89 suites. \$65 per month provides a student family of three with shelter, food and entertainment. Economy, consistent with comfort and a full student life, was the keynote of the project. The one-roomed suites can be divided into bedrooms and living quarters by movable partitions; the majority are two and three rooms, however; kitchen, laundry and drying room, as well as showers and bathroom facilities, are provided at the end of each hall in order to insure wholesome conditions in all family quarters. Three good home-cooked meals are served daily, each family having its own table in a well-equipped dining hall. There is a complete janitor and kitchen staff, so the students' wives are not required to do much housekeeping or prepare meals. It is a real community enterprise, with clubroom facilities, schools for children, and study rooms for students. But the privacy so necessary to family life was kept in mind by the designer.

The project has met with such general approval that an additional 82 units are being added to these apartments, making 171 family units in all. In Regina, Saskatoon and Prince Albert, dormitory and messing accommodation has been provided for several hundred single men attending the university and vocational schools.

Of special significance to Saskatchewan Veterans is the Crown Land Policy of the Government operated jointly by the Department of Natural Resources and the Department of Reconstruction and Rehabilitation. Here, too, the Rehabilitation Division plays a leading role, since it co-operates with Veterans' Land officials in qualifying men and women, as well as allocating parcels of land to applicants. Allocating land units has not been easy on account of the keen competition among returned men for certain units, and human judgment has been taxed to the utmost in view of the fact that awards are made chiefly on the basis of a veteran's financial resources, length and kind of war service, and farming experience. Altogether 764 veterans have been settled on Crown Lands to date, and 1,200 will have been established by the end of this year. A preliminary survey indicates that returns from crops for this year will exceed \$1,000,000. This is indeed gratifying considering that allocation did not commence until March.

Land is leased on 1/8 to 1/6 crop share for 33 years on a renewable basis, with option to purchase at the end of 10 years if settlement conditions are fulfilled in a satisfactory manner. The lessee will receive compensation for any permanent improvements made, should he vacate the land. By agreement between the Federal and Provincial Governments, a Veterans' Land Act grant up to and not exceeding \$2,320.00 is made to those who qualify. The grant is made for improvements, stock and equipment. This form of land settlement is becoming increasingly popular as evidenced by the fact that 4,280 applications for Crown Lands have already been received.

In order to provide for the increasing demand for Crown Lands certain suitable pioneer areas east of the Carrot River will be cleared and brought under cultivation. Already land clearance equipment has been assembled, and the project is receiving special attention. This area, which comprises some 250,000 acres, will be developed under a planned system to provide for roads, educational, health and other services. Returned men who will eventually become settlers will be employed, and some of them have expressed the wish that co-operative farms be established.

(Continued on page 60)



WHAT SASKATCHEWAN IS DOING TO HELP THE VETERAN

LAND SETTLEMENT

1. Since February 20, 1946, nearly 800 veterans have been placed on provincial crown lands by the Saskatchewan Government, in co-operation with the Dominion Veterans' Land Act.
2. 1,100 farm units, most of them economic farm units, have been set aside for veterans.
3. 15 veterans have been given government assistance and guidance in inaugurating a co-operative farm at the Matador Ranch.
4. 50,000 acres of crown lands are being cleared in the Carrot River Valley for settlement by ex-servicemen.

HOUSING

1. 132 suites have been provided for returned men, and their families at Saskatoon, for those attending University of Saskatchewan and vocational training students.
2. A number of similar suites have been provided at Regina.
3. Other housing ventures, at Prince Albert, Moose Jaw, Weyburn, North Battleford, Swift Current, Humboldt and Regina Beach, have also provided additional accommodation for veterans.

EMPLOYMENT

1. Job surveys conducted by department men experienced in this work have helped many veterans fit themselves into civilian life again.
2. Local Rehabilitation Committees have also made a notable contribution in assisting the veteran.
3. Surveys for business openings.

The Department of Reconstruction

HON. J. H. STURDY
Minister

E. E. EISENHAUER
Deputy Minister

Aid for Veterans

(Continued from page 58)

To meet the requests of veterans that they be given the opportunity to engage in co-operative farm enterprises, the first veteran co-operative farm has been established near Matador, Sask. It comprises some 18 sections of excellent farming land, with 16 members. The farm has been in operation since last Spring, and about 2,700 acres of virgin prairie, which was at one time part of the old Matador Ranch, have been broken and cultivated, and 330 acres were seeded to flax.

Moreover, the co-operators now own six purebred Jersey cows, thereby assuring themselves of a supply of fresh milk at all times. Five family homes have been erected, also a dormitory for single men; these homes are located in an area with running water which will provide for the irrigation of approximately 200 acres. This co-operative farm is indicative of the trend of agricultural development in our province, namely establishment of co-operatively-owned, highly mechanized and efficiently operated farms. It is greatly to be regretted that the Federal Government has refused grants to veteran settlers on co-operative farms, so far. This is a type of land settlement requested by these veterans. It is entirely voluntary, and encouragement should be given to these pioneer groups rather than obstacles placed in their way. If a new concept of rural life and relations is to be achieved, if rural drift to urban centres is to be checked, we shall have such courageous and enterprising groups as the Matador Co-operative to thank. It is not surprising that the boys who were first in the ways of war shall be first in the ways of peace. We are proud of them and predict an unqualified success for the first veterans' co-operative farm in America.

As a step towards the establishment of veteran-owned and operated farm machinery repair depots, one parent machine shop and repair depot has been set up in Regina. This is one of the most up-to-date and efficiently operated machine shops in the province, and employs from 50 to 60 returned men. Other additional parent shops will eventually be set up in order to provide trained personnel for local repair depots, to be established also.

In our Civil Service and Crown Corporations returned men and women have been given preference in employment.

Typical of Departmental field work being done are the hundreds of Rehabilitation Committees functioning in the province, all supervised and serviced regularly by Department Supervisors, whose task it is to co-operate in maintaining the public's interest in Rehabilitation.

These committees, in collaboration with the Rehabilitation Division, deal with all phases of Rehabilitation, such as: out-of-work benefit; awaiting-returns benefit; education and treatment benefits; provincial lands; priorities for building materials and machinery; jobs for veterans; businesses for sale, etc. In short, they act as a kind of first aid to the veteran needing counsel on any rehabilitation problem.

I feel that my Department must intensify its rehabilitation activities so that interest in Saskatchewan's returned men and women shall not flag. I have long since discovered that our returned men and women do not expect a preferred position in our economy. They insist, however, on a purposeful, dignified and vital place in society, and opportunities for self-improvement, gainful and remunerative employment and good Canadian homes and all that implies.

Unique Memorial

Old London has something new in war memorials. A mountain ash tree, set in stone, with drinking troughs in its boughs and a stone pool at its foot, has been dedicated in the garden of All-Hallows-by-the-Tower, the Rev. P. B. Clayton's church.

It commemorates the birds who died on active service during the war—carrier pigeons who fell in the course of duty; canaries who died in gas tests; sparrows who were blitz victims.

The tree has been treated to ensure its preservation; and in its boughs perch wooden birds carved by a famous Sussex wood-carver.



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When You Consider "Greatness"

Take a Look at Wavell

From "The Clipper"

THE question under discussion was "Who was the greatest of all the great military leaders thrown up in the war?"

The group around the table, a mixed group of veterans of one War or the other or both, was voicing, each in his turn, individual choices for the superlative title.

A variety of opinions had been expressed, the choices, assessed in critical discussion, being received wholly without unanimity. Indeed, in some cases, they were unsupported by any high degree of conviction on the part of their sponsors.

It was just another after-dinner game, until it came to the turn of the Colonel (ex-S.S.R.).

All eyes turned on him with a flicker of amusement for they anticipated a plumper for one of the great commanders under whom he had served in the Mediterranean theatre.

Dramatically, the Colonel inhaled slowly, emitted a great gust of smoke, looked round the company, and with a quiet assurance said, "Wavell". He paused, looked at his cigarette, then added, "Absolutely."

No flutter of critical comment followed. A strange quietness, as if sudden revelation had been vouchsafed the other members of the group, descended on the gathering. Wavell, "the forgotten man"—the man whom none of them had thought about till now—seemed to be a hard choice to argue down.

"Absolutely," the Colonel continued. "Anybody who knows the terrific job he did with his 30,000, under-armed, under-equipped, mixed lot, in North Africa, will tell you that. Why, by bluff and hard-knocking he put the entire Italian Army out as an effective force. Wavell's the man you're looking for."

★

And since that discussion and decision date from no further back than last September, it may interest participants and others to learn that, almost simultaneously, John Connell, writing in the London *Daily Mail*, was answering the question: "When people ask (as they too often do) 'Where is greatness nowadays?'" by saying—"Take a look at Wavell."

Connell's article, amended slightly to bring it more up-to-date, follows.

AFTER months of patient and laborious negotiation the British Cabinet Mission left India. As soon as it had gone, with a sense of frustration and incompleteness which not even the most exuberant supporter of the Labor Government could deny, someone else had to carry on where they left off. Someone else had to say: "I am not beaten by this problem."

That someone was the Viceroy, His Excellency Field-Marshal the Viscount Wavell of Winchester and Cyrenaica—in the view of many the outstanding Englishman of our times, besides Mr. Churchill. With the Cabinet Mission's departure, Wavell tackled one more thin, forlorn hope. Once more, as so often in his career, the odds against him were huge; the results of failure catastrophic.

Now that a National Government for India is more or less an accomplished fact, though fanaticism in Calcutta and Behar still takes toll of thousands of lives, it is perhaps the moment for Britain to recognize just how much she is in the debt of this stocky, wise, modest, imperturbable servant of the State.

This is not the first time that Wavell's undismayed sagacity and steady courage have saved the sum of things for Britain. It will probably not be the last time. The House of Commons is full, nowadays, of bustling tuppenny-ha'penny experts on India, on the Far East, on Greece, on the Middle East.

Few of them, regrettably enough, trouble to remember that they wouldn't have lived to be experts at all on these fascinating subjects had it not been for the exertions of one British general at a time when most of them were beginning their conscripts' training.

Always with far too few troops, always lamentably under-equipped and under-armed, Wavell in the first three years of the war was handed one forlorn hope after another.

He saved the Middle East and licked the pants off the Italians—very well, send him to India, send him to Indonesia.

Disaster tumbled down the outposts—very well, let Wavell hold the bastions. Give him some Regular British battalions, some dashing cavalry regiments, and one or two tireless, peerless Indian divisions, and let him get on with it.

Those who served—as I did—under Wavell are apt to cherish for him respect and admiration bordering on idolatry.

That quick, unhesitant stride towards the aircraft glinting in the morning light. The engaging habit of wearing a long-sleeved sweater under a short-sleeved bush-shirt. The books he took with him on journeys. The way he minuted a file—one sharp blistering sentence in thick blue pencil, and a big "W" at the end of it.

The sudden silence in the middle of a telephone conversation. The courtesy and kindness towards junior officers. The magnanimity. The capacity, with the utmost good

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temper and undeviating gentleness of manner, to make ordinary men feel, in his presence and under his leadership, a little bigger than themselves.

I remember that when a sorry, sordid little failure of a campaign—the advance down the Arakan peninsula in early 1943—trickled out in disease, Japanese infiltration, and miserable hugger-mugger retreat, almost everybody (generals, staff officers, regimental officers, N.C.O.'s and private soldiers) found relief in buck-passing and condemning someone else.

"Damned incompetent highups," said the chap in the forward areas; "Untrained troops looking over their shoulders," said the senior officer back at Barrackpore. "I take the blame," said Wavell. And no Commander-in-Chief in this war, less deserved any blame.

One day in the early hot weather of 1943 a few senior staff officers saw off the Commander-in-Chief at Willingdon Airport in New Delhi.

He was going, though few knew it, to London, to Washington, to Quebec. He was to return, in a few months' time, as Viceroy.



It was to be his task first to see India through the last critical stage of the Japanese war, during which the sub-continent had to be built up to be a base for Lord Louis Mountbatten's prodigious offensive, and second to nurse and cajole India through to complete political independence and maturity.

The second part of his task is nearing completion. Great Englishmen have served India in her time—Warren Hastings, the Lawrences, Dalhousie, Curzon—but it is more than likely that the greatest of them has been the present Viceroy.

Globe-trotting publicists don't like him; they find him shy and formidable. He is, in upbringing, character and background, everything that the intellectuals around our present Administration are determined to destroy: he is a professional soldier; he has spent all his life in the service of his King and country, and he is a person to whom those words have a real meaning.

When the intellectual is verbosely sure of himself, Wavell is apt to be inarticulate. But at a moment of crisis, while the intellectual yammers and excuses himself, Wavell takes a decision and acts unfalteringly.

He has edited an anthology of poetry. He has written, in the two volumes of his life of Lord Allenby, a first-rate biography of someone else who was soldier and statesman. His essays on generalship are classics in their kind.

He was one of the main founders of final victory in the second World War, having served as a regimental and staff officer in the first. He is probably the last Viceroy whom Britain will ever give to India.

When people ask (as they too often do) "Where is greatness nowadays?" take a look at Wavell.



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"The Home Newspaper"

Domestic Science

Symptomatic of the mood of the times is the preliminary skirmish (recreated by a Glasgow Police court reporter) which led to a magisterial admonition for the soldier's wife concerned, and which, translated from the original Glaswegian into intelligible Scots, is given herewith:

Big Sandy stretched himself luxuriously in bed in the one-room apartment he occupied with May, his wife.

"Did I hear ye say it was rainin'?" he asked, lazily, as May busied herself about the room. "Ah, weel, then; I think I'll just tak' it easy, this mornin'." He sighed contentedly.

The old lady gave a gasp: "You'll what?" she rapped out. "Dammit, man, ye've been daein' nothin' else for near six weeks noo. It's time ye finished with this gentleman's life o' yours, an' got back tae work!"

Sandy was indignant, "Listen, you," he said, sternly. "I wis awa' for fower years sojerin', and I deserve my demobilization leave. Fancy, that ye should grudge me a wee bit leesure after a' I went through!"

"Baloney," exclaimed May, totally unimpressed. "I was in mair danger here in Glesca' than you were during the war. Fower years awa' in a sma' village wi' nae syreens, an' ye cam' hame here wi' mair than a hundred clothes' coupons, an' expectin' tae be waited on hand and fit as if ye wiz a hero!"

"Is this no' just damnable!" cried Sandy, indignantly. "I've hardly recovered frae bein' bossed aboot an' slaved tae daith in the army before you're shootin' oot your neck for me tae get back tae work!"

"Don't try to kid me!" bawled May. "I know what's up wi' you. You've been sae lang havin' it cushy in the army that you're afraid o' work noo. You've gaun' saft!"

"By crivvens, but it's you that's gane saft—in the head!" Sandy protested loudly. "D'ye no' realize that the army gies fellas leave for fifty-six days as a reward for a' they went through!"

"I wish the army would gie me fifty-six days' holiday for gaun' through five or six pints a day for fower years," said May, shaking her head significantly.

"Oh, that reminds me; they'll be open noo," exclaimed Sandy, jumping out of bed. "Here, get weavin' wi' the breakfast. Ye know I canna' tak' refreshment on an empty stomach."

"Ye'll wait until I get my cleanin' done, before ye get breakfast," his wife responded. "It's a hoose I'm runnin', no' a hotel."

"Get that breakfast ready, NOO!" commanded the ex-warrior in his best parade-ground voice.

He hadn't a chance. May's powerful arm shot out and Sandy found himself being shot back into bed. In fact, the lady almost put him to sleep.....

"It's all patched up, noo, sir," May assured the magistrate when she admitted the assault in court. "My man's gaun' back to work, next week."

She beamed lovingly on Sandy as she joined him after being admonished. "Hoo's yer shiner, noo?" she asked him sweetly.

Britain's Labor Government added 2,000,000 gallons of water to the country's production of already weak beer. Laments a Glasgow poet (who ought to have stuck to his native brew anyway,):

"If the powers that be continue
To dilute the daily drop,
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And the beer float up on top."

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Yukon Case-Book

By Wing-Comdr. Richard Horsfield

IT TOOK three years or so for the Yukon to achieve some degree of normalcy after the famous Gold Rush of '98. During this period of time the North-West Mounted Police found itself overworked and faced with a singular problem. This problem was that the constables of the force were working sixteen hours a day, and sometimes more, for the pittance of one dollar and fifty-five cents a day, while all around them men were making fortunes overnight, and common laborers were earning fifteen to twenty dollars a day. It was no wonder that the officers of the force were harassed to death by men leaving the police, and not re-engaging, when their time expired. The commonest necessities of life were expensive, and the men felt themselves aggrieved; but most of them carried on in the true spirit of the "Mounted" hoping that their plight would be taken into account by the Dominion Government.

Those who did realize that the police were not getting a square deal were the miners, prospectors and business men of Dawson City and Whitehorse. The constables were sent complimentary tickets to all entertainments, and prices were discreetly lowered when they had to purchase anything. The strangest part of it all was that this tiny body of men, averaging about one hundred in number, collected each year a million dollars or so in royalties from the mines, which was enough to pay almost the whole police-bill for the Dominion of Canada. Never was a frontier served by such a loyal group of men, who were beset by signs of easy money on all sides of them. In the light of the great work they did that little-known side of it has received no attention.

MURDER IN TRIPLICATE

As the route into Dawson was mostly by water, drowning tragedies were an almost everyday occurrence. Officers of the police were out perpetually viewing bodies that had been pulled out of the Yukon River, and deciding whether or not an inquest was necessary. Usually it was not. A badly-built boat or raft was sufficient indication of what had happened. In fact most of the travellers down river owed their eventual safety more to good luck than to the construction of navigable craft.

So, on the morning of July 15, 1902, it was no surprise to Inspector Howard when Constable Cudlip arrived from Indian River detachment, bringing the information that he had found the body of a man in the river near his post.

Thinking he had an ordinary routine case of drowning on his hands, the Inspector started off to view the body. He reached the cabin where the body of the unlucky prospector had been taken, and his keen eyes saw that here was a case that did not come under the classification of simple drowning. He sent for a doctor named McArthur who promptly held a post-mortem examination which proved that the dead man had been shot several times before the body had been thrown in the river.

An inquest was called and the jury found that "the deceased had come to his death by bullet wounds at the hand of some person, or persons unknown". As the body was in an advanced state of decay, immediate burial was

decided upon; but before this took place the pockets of the unlucky prospector were searched in the hope of finding something that would help in his identification. Tucked in the corner of one pocket were found three keys on a key-ring which also had a tag attached to it. On the tag was some faint writing in ink. After much care the writing was deciphered and read- "Bouthillette, E. Broughton, Beauce, P.Q."

The police immediately sent a telegram to Beauce in the Province of Quebec asking for information relative to one Bouthillette thought to have come from there. The reply came that a Leon Bouthillette had once lived there, that he was a French Canadian and a carpenter and contractor by trade. He had left Beauce on June 4 of that year en route to the Yukon. In Vancouver he had written a letter home, dated the 11th of that month, stating that he was leaving for Dawson with two more French-Canadians named Constantin and Beaudoin.

Now the police had something definite on which to work. No one could get in or out of the Yukon without first reporting at some police post en route. It was found that the three French-Canadians had reported at Whitehorse on June 15, and were there joined by two more men of their own nationality, named Ladoceur and La Forest. Here the party of five had obtained a boat which was given the number 3744 before it was allowed to move off down the river.

Descriptions of the five men were obtained and a search put on foot for them. They were traced from Whitehorse down river as far as Stewart River, but from that point on the party seemed to have vanished into thin air.

Then on July 31, came another step forward in the mysterious affair, Constable Graham of the Ogilvie detachment reporting that the body of a man had been taken from the river seven miles above his post. On examination of this body it appeared as if the head had partially been blown off by a shotgun. A post-mortem was conducted, and the examining surgeon made the following statement:

"I am of the opinion that the man was dead before being placed in the river. Whether the wounds in the head were caused by external violence or by gunshot wounds I am unable to say."

From the description of the body the police were of the opinion that they had found Guy Beaudoin, one of the companions of Bouthillette, and that both men had been murdered. The next step was to find one or all of the three other men who had been their companions in the trip down river.

Inspector Routledge in charge of Dawson City sent Detective Welsh to Skagway, Seattle and Portland in the hope he would find some clue. As a sort of last resort, the Inspector called Constable Burns, an astute policeman, into his office:

"You speak French well, don't you, Burns?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I've got an idea that, as all the companions of the murdered men were French-Canadians, we might pick up

some clue of value if you confine yourself to working amongst men of that nationality. I suggest you get into civilian clothes and become a transient looking for work in gold-camps where French is spoken."

"Very good, sir," replied Burns.

Burns then started a tour of all the gold-camps in the vicinity of Dawson where French-Canadians were employed. As soon as he was satisfied that there was nothing to learn in a camp he would ask for his time-check and pull out. At last a bit of gossip, picked up when he least expected it, rewarded him for his pains. He heard that two French-Canadians had left one of the camps in early June, and had stated they were going out to Whitehorse. They had stated, for reasons best known to themselves, that when they reached that city they intended to change their names.

"Who were these two men?" asked Burns.

"Fournier and La Belle."

Feeling a little wiser Burns followed up this clue, and made the acquaintance of one Charles Mack who had been in Dawson in early June.

"Did you see two French-Canadians in Whitehorse, who might be Fournier and La Belle?"

"Sure I did. Why I made arrangements to come down river with him in a small boat. Got fair tired of waiting for him, though. He kept putting off the day of starting. That's La Belle, I mean. He did all the talking. Said that he was waiting for a bunch of French-Canadians coming in from Skagway."

"Then what?"

"Well, at last he made up his mind and said that he'd be ready to leave on the morning of June 17."

"And did he?"

"Told me to be ready to pull out at seven o'clock in the morning. I got down to the river at that time, and found he'd gone off and left me, pulling out about six o'clock."

"What did you do then?"

"I got a lift down river on another boat. We passed La Belle and his party camped on this side of the Hoot-alinqua. There was La Belle, Fournier, and three other men I didn't know."

Burns reported all he had uncovered to Inspector Routledge who promptly had the constable concentrate his efforts on finding La Belle and Fournier. He succeeded in picking up the trail of the latter man in Dawson City. He did not arrest him, but kept him constantly under watch.

In the meantime one, Constable Egan, ran across the boat 3744 tied up on the river, and confiscated it. Whitehorse was communicated with, and a Mr. Cleveland, who had made the boat, was sent down to identify it. This he did.

"And you could identify the men you sold it to?" asked the Inspector.

"Yes."

Constable Burns then took Cleveland to the Donovan Hotel in Dawson City. A large group of men were milling around in the lobby, and the constable asked Cleveland if he could spot the man who had bought the boat from him.

Cleveland pointed to Fournier: "That's the man."

Burns then arrested the French-Canadian, charging him with the murders of Bouthillette and Beaudoin. He was taken to the Mounted Police barracks and lodged in the cells. A warrant was then taken out for the arrest of La Belle.

Detective Welsh, who was still working on the movements of the French-Canadians before they went to the Yukon, was informed by telegram that Fournier had been arrested, and that a warrant was out for La Belle for murder.

Welsh was in Seattle when the telegram reached him, and he immediately set to work trying to find someone who had talked to La Belle on his way to the north. He

haunted the saloons and boarding houses in the hope of striking some clue, and his persistence at last brought its reward. He met a man named Joseph Falpe who knew La Belle well, and who was quite willing to answer questions.

"Sure, I've known La Belle for ten years. He's a bad actor, that fellow. Been arrested a score of times, and his last partner shot it out with detectives in Chicago, and was killed making his getaway. Now listen, he'll be in one of three places: Chicago, Butte, or Missoula, and you may be able to get him if you move fast."

Welsh wired the information to Inspector Routledge at Dawson, and asked for further instructions.

The Inspector sent a man named Rook, of Whitehorse, who knew La Belle by sight, to meet Welsh in Seattle, and ordered the detective to follow La Belle across the continent if necessary, to arrest him, and hold him for extradition.

Meanwhile the police in Dawson had not been idle. They had found a prospector named Merriman, whom La Belle and Fournier had tried to persuade to go down river with them. Luckily for him, the elderly man had declined the invitation, saying that the money he was expecting from the outside had not yet arrived. On hearing this, the two French-Canadians had ceased their endeavors to get him to accompany them.

The police were now able to summarize their case against the two men, and assess their chances of a conviction if they were brought to trial. The chain of evidence gathered by the Mounted was as follows:

They had Constable Curry, of Whitehorse, who marked boat 3744 and took the names of the men in it; Mr. Rook, of Whitehorse, who had sold La Belle a 49-90 rifle and ammunition; two men named Horne and Forbes who saw the boat on the river when it contained La Belle, Fournier, and their victims, and one, Edmund Proulx, who had met La Belle in Dawson after the murders, the latter having a \$100 bill in his possession and also a watch and chain,



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believed to be the property of Constantin, the one man in the boat who was, as yet, unaccounted for.

La Belle had also stated to Proulx: "That Fournier is a real 'blood' and can be relied on. If you see anything good that looks like easy money, you let us know."

Things now began to move fast. Welsh had found La Belle in the small town of Wadsworth, Nevada, and had obtained extradition papers for him. The French-Canadian made a statement to him that the murders had been committed on an island opposite a high bluff about ten miles below Stewart River. This news was wired to Inspector Routledge by Welsh. The Inspector sent two policemen to the island and there they located the exact spot where the murders had taken place.

Welsh arrived back in Dawson with La Belle on September 12. On the way down river, La Belle had made a partial confession of the crime, but he threw all the blame on Fournier.

The day after La Belle's arrival in Dawson, Fournier heard that his partner had confessed, so he too made a full confession though he, in turn, accused La Belle.

The confessions of the two men when pieced together made the following story:

Fournier and La Belle had gone to Whitehorse for the sole purpose of getting hold of men with money, escorting them down the river, and there murdering them in some lonely spot. They had brought Bouthillette, Beaudoin, and Constantin down the river, had slept with them, eaten with them and joked with them, while they waited for a suitable place for a triple murder. The island below Stewart River had appeared to be the ideal spot, and here the three men were shot down in cold blood, their pockets rifled, and their supplies stolen.

After the shooting the bodies of the three men had been weighted with stones and thrown into the Yukon River. The total amount taken from the three men was one hundred and forty dollars!

These murders successfully committed, La Belle and Fournier had travelled down river to Eagle City where they met up with one Archie Gilbert. Him they enticed on their boat, took further down the river and murdered near Circle City.

The men were tried separately, La Belle on October 27, 1902, and Fournier on November 4. Both men were found 'Guilty' and sentenced to death. They were executed January 20, 1903. The case had been brought to a successful conclusion forty-seven days after the murders had been committed. This is remarkable when consideration is given to the fact that one of the suspected men had to be pursued many thousands of miles, and was finally arrested in another country.

On May 18 of the following year the body of the still missing Constantin was recovered from the Yukon River. In the pockets were sodden papers proving his identity. One of these papers carried a written prayer for the owner's safety while travelling in foreign lands.

YUKON JUSTICE

The cases the Mounted Police were called on to investigate in the Yukon were not all as serious as the above, the majority being more or less complicated robberies of gold from the claims. One such case had its amusing side, and gives rise to an interesting point of law.

On the night of October 28, 1903, two robberies were reported as having taken place from a sluice-box at Sulphur Creek. It was estimated that about \$700 worth of gold-dust had vanished, and the miners who owned it were completely mystified at its disappearance. All such thefts of gold-dust were exceedingly hard to investigate, as the material stolen was hard to identify and difficult to prove as the property of any one individual.

However, in this case, suspicion fell on an out-of-work

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miner named Sulies. Some muddied clothes and a whisk broom that had been used to sweep out the sluice-box were found not far from the scene of the robbery, and proved to be his. Detective Walsh arrested him, and he was brought to trial. The jury found him 'Guilty', and he was sentenced to two years in prison.

Sulies was released in November, 1905, and was carefully watched by a member of the force, as it was suspected that it would not be long before he got himself into trouble again. While being shadowed the man visited a cache on a lonely hillside and extracted a sack from it. He was promptly arrested on suspicion, and brought in to headquarters. The sack was found to contain gold-bearing gravel and dust to the value of \$700. Undoubtedly this was the proceeds of the robbery for which he had been sent to gaol two years before.

This time he went to trial for being in possession of property known to have been stolen. This charge was later altered by the prosecuting counsel to one of theft only. At his trial, Sulies pleaded that he had already been tried for stealing this particular loot as it was the proceeds of the robbery he had committed two years before, and for which he had already paid the penalty. The judge instructed the jury that, if they were satisfied his explanation was a correct one, the defendant should be discharged.

The jury so found, and Sulies departed from the Court a free man. He promptly left for United States' territory, having had enough of Yukon justice.

THE BOMB THAT FAILED

The charms of the few women in the north led many men into much trouble, and one or other of the fair sex was behind almost every case the police were called upon to investigate. Sometimes these cases ended tragically, and sometimes amusingly. In one such case an ingenious attempt at murder was frustrated by an accident.

A miner, whom we will call Samson, had fallen desperately in love with a dance-hall girl who led him on until she had managed to separate him from most of his gold-dust. This charming Delilah promptly dropped him when his wealth gave out, and took up with a man named Smith. For a long time Samson brooded over his false love, and avidly desired revenge. The only thing that stood in his way was the reputation of the Mounted Police for tracking down killers. Still, thought the jilted swain, ingenuity was what was wanted to defeat the police, and he proceeded on that line.

One dark night, when the thermometer was at fifty-below zero, Samson set out from his cabin to put his scheme into operation. He knew that Smith was inordinately proud of his new Yukon stove that would take five four-foot logs without being too crowded. It was through this stove that the successful lover should be smitten. Carefully Samson crept through the night toward Smith's wood-pile, and there he extracted a billet of wood about two feet in length.

On returning to his own cabin he set to work. Splitting the billet in two, he carefully hollowed out each portion, leaving the ends intact. Then he placed them on one side while he set to work manufacturing a bomb. He got a piece of gas-piping eighteen inches long and, after blocking one end with a steel cap, he packed it with black blasting-powder. When the pipe was full, he screwed another steel cap on the other end, then he placed the completed bomb inside the billet of wood.

The billet was then carefully pieced together, and very lightly nailed to keep it intact. When the job was completed it looked fine. A nice, handy bit of wood any chap who was proud of his stove would be pleased to place on the fire.

Samson now made his way cautiously back to the wood-pile and carefully placed the billet on the top in a position

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that would cause it to be used at an early date. Satisfied that his scheme was infallible he returned to his cabin to await the explosion that would blow Smith and his cabin to smithereens.

Next morning, Smith went out to his wood-pile and after collecting a few logs, went back indoors. Opening the stove door he shot in a couple of billets and was about to throw in the third when the bright gleam of a nail-head attracted his attention. Had it been a rusty nail he would have thought little about it, but he was wise enough to know that iron doesn't stay bright under a snow-covered wood-pile. He then examined the billet of wood and saw that it had been carefully pieced together. Five minutes later he was knocking at the door of the Mounted Police barracks with the evidence under his arm.

The Inspector stared at the powder filled gas-pipe with interest and ventured a remark or two.

"Anyone in Dawson got a spite against you?"

"No, Inspector."

"Been jumping anybody's claim?"

"No."

"Anybody's woman?"

Smith looked startled, and the Inspector knew he was on the right track.

"Well, yes, I took over Cariboo Meg from Jim Samson."

The Inspector summoned a constable and, giving him a brief outline of the case, sent him to look up Samson. The constable set off for Samson's cabin and on arriving there walked straight inside. The first thing that met his eyes was a pile of wood chips lying on the boards near the stove. They were the chips carved from inside the billet of wood and, when compared later, they fitted perfectly. Samson had been so certain that his plot would succeed that he had not bothered to destroy possible evidence.

The unlucky lover was arrested and brought to trial. However, the jury must have consisted of men who had been jilted often and thus felt sympathetic to Samson, for they found him 'Not Guilty', and he was discharged. But before the jury dispersed and Samson was set free, the Judge, (who had probably never been jilted) gave them all a sample of the rough side of his tongue.



The dance-hall girls were a great source of trouble to the Police. Scarcely a day went by without two or three cases having to be investigated involving these frail ladies. Strangely enough it was not that they were any more vicious than their respectable sisters, for the majority of them were indeed kind-hearted and generous to a fault; but it seemed to be their capacity for jealousy that caused most of the trouble.

If a man forsook one of them before his bank-roll showed signs of depletion, the lady would trump up some ingenious charge against him, and have him kept in town by the police until he had cleared himself. If the miner was of a fighting kind, he would pay the fair charmer another visit, plant some gold-dust somewhere in the room, then leave and report to the Police that he had been rolled for his 'poke' while in the woman's company. The Mounted got very adept at sorting out the truth from bundles of lies, but it wasted a great deal of time that could have been used on more important cases, of which there were plenty.

GOLD OVERBOARD

For instance, there was the case of the missing gold bricks. In this investigation the Police had a very unhappy time. The miners in Fairbanks, Alaska, which was United States' territory, were dissatisfied with the charges of the Express Company for shipping gold, and so began to send it by mail. According to the postal laws each package of gold was limited to four pounds in weight.

One fine morning the Police at Dawson received a tele-

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gram from the Captain of the "Seattle No. 3", a steamer coming down river from Fairbanks, which stated that a serious robbery had occurred on board.

On the steamer's arrival in Dawson, the Inspector went on board and found that one of the mail-sacks had been carefully slit open, and sixty pounds of gold bricks had disappeared into thin air. The robbery had been discovered shortly after the steamer's departure from U.S. territory. The stitching on the sack had been carefully cut open, the gold extracted, and then the slit had been sewn up and the new thread discolored with ink.

As no one had been able to leave the steamer, it was obvious that the thief or thieves were still aboard the vessel. The Inspector set to work interrogating the crew, and the answers of two of its members, Ferne and Dawkins, aroused his suspicions. These two men had had easy access to the cabin in which the mail had been stored, and already had characters that were more than blemished.

"You'd better come up on deck and talk this over with me," said Inspector Wood, addressing the two suspected men.

On deck, Ferne saw his chance and, jumping overboard, swam across the river toward the shore. Dawkins, seeing that his companion's escape was a confession of guilt, decided to tell all he knew about the robbery.

"I guess the game's up," he said, "I'll let you in on it. Ferne kept watch outside the cabin, the first night out of Fairbanks, while I went inside and looted the sack."

"And where's the gold?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know? You must know. Better tell the truth and show us where it is."

Dawkins grinned. "You see, as soon as I got the gold I put it in a gunny sack, tied a long rope to it with a chunk of wood at the end and threw it overboard. I guess it's miles up river some place."

Ferne, (who had been captured almost as soon as he had landed) and Dawkins were lodged in gaol, and a hunt was started for the gold. Launches were taken up stream, and a systematic hunt took place. Days went by without any result, and eventually the search had to be abandoned as hopeless. So, if Dawkins's story was true, some forty thousand dollars worth of gold bricks is still reposing somewhere in the Yukon River awaiting a lucky finder.

MURDER MOST FOUL

Shortly after this robbery a far more serious case took the attention of the Police from the far too prevalent gold robberies.

Inspector Wroughton, at Dawson, received a telegraph message from Constable Thompson, stationed on detachment duty at Selkirk, which ran as follows:

'One Emil Anderson states that he and two companions named Bergman and Elfors came down river together. Bergman disappeared and later Elfors attempted to murder Anderson. Anderson believes that Elfors has murdered Bergman.'

The Inspector wired the constable to bring Anderson down to Dawson, hire a good guide, and search the river on the down trip for the missing Bergman. Thompson received the message and, pressing an ex-member of the Mounted Police into service, started down river for Dawson City with Anderson.

On the way down the Yukon, Constable Thompson, who was an exceedingly astute policeman, saw a thin column of blue smoke rising through the trees just below the point where Stewart River runs into the Yukon.

"There's someone camped there," he said, "who doesn't wish to be seen by anyone coming down-stream. The camp is 'way back in the bush. We'll put into shore, work our way through the timber and have a look."

The three men landed and cautiously made their way

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through the trees in the direction of the mysterious camp. Sure enough, in a small clearing, a rough looking individual was cooking a meal over a small camp-fire.

"Do you recognize him?" whispered Thompson to Anderson.

"Sure, it's Elfors."

"Good! We're lucky."

The constable walked swiftly forward, his right hand near the butt of his revolver. The man looked up startled, and saw the red-coat standing there.

"Well?" he said.

"You're under arrest for attempting to murder Emil Anderson."

"Listen, Mountie, I"

"Save it for the Inspector!"

"All right, have it your own way," growled Elfors.

The prisoner was taken to Dawson and placed in custody. Then the Inspector summoned Anderson into his office, and asked for his story. It took a long time in the telling for Anderson had received such a bad shock that he was in a terrible state of nerves.

"Three of us, Ned Elfors, Bergman and I left Dawson in a small boat numbered 113 by the police. The three of us had struck up an acquaintance in Seattle, and decided to come to the north together. Elfors had told us that he had been up here, and had spent five years in the Yukon, so we made him leader of the party. I had some money and so had Bergman; but Elfors had none, so we paid most of the expenses.

"When we got to Whitehorse, we bought the boat and enough provisions to see us through. Before we started out, Elfors told us that the best way to carry our money was to tie it up in some linen rags. So we used our handkerchiefs for the purpose."

"Had you any weapons?" asked the Inspector.

"Yes, we bought some guns in Seattle. Well, on the way down the river Elfors became morose and bad-tempered, but we got along all right until we reached Selkirk, where we landed and bought some more provisions.

"We left Selkirk and made about twelve miles down river that day. After we had made supper and were ready to turn in Elfors said, 'How about stopping here for a day or so and getting a supply of fresh meat? There's sure to be bear or some rabbits about this place.'

"I said I didn't care to go hunting just then, and that I'd stay in bed a bit and rest up, if they went hunting in the morning.

"Early next morning, Elfors and Bergman left me in bed and went off into the bush. About an hour later, Elfors came back to camp alone and I asked him where Bergman was. 'He's shot a bear and has stayed behind to skin it,' he answered. 'You'd better come along and help us to carry it in.'

"We'd some coffee and then set out. I was carrying a piece of rope and Elfors a .22 special revolver slung on his shoulder. He told me to lead the way and he'd keep me straight on the right route. When we had gone a little way it began to rain so we stopped to shelter under a spruce tree. I then began to think there was something wrong, for Elfors kept trying to make me sit under the tree in a certain way which would have put my back to him.

"When the rain slackened, we started out again and I was still in the lead a few paces ahead but I felt very jumpy and nervous. Hearing a click I turned around quickly and received a shot from Elfors' revolver in the corner of my jaw. If I had not turned it would have hit me in the back of the head. I closed with him and got him down on the ground where he fired some more shots which missed. Then I hit him hard and jumped up and ran into the bush. As I ran I kept calling for Bergman, but got no answer. It

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was then I guessed that Elfors had murdered Bergman. I staggered along until I hit the telegraph trail by accident, and wandered along it until I came to Mr. Stillman's cabin. He bandaged up my jaw and took me along the trail to the Police Detachment where I saw Constable Thompson."

"You say Elfors had no money?" asked the Inspector.

"That's right, sir. He had none."

"What money had Bergman?"

"Quite a bit. All in \$10 and \$20 American gold pieces."

The Inspector smiled grimly for in his desk was a pile of such gold pieces taken from Elfors when he was lodged in gaol.

"The next thing," he said, "is to find Bergman."

The next day a posse of police left Dawson in launches, and on reaching the spot where Anderson said the supposed bear hunt had taken place, a thorough search was made of the bush. Presently a constable stumbled upon the unfortunate man's body thrust under some bushes. Bergman had been shot in the head from behind, and then riddled with bullets.

Elfors was not told that Bergman's body had been found, and he was brought up before the Inspector to give his version of what had happened. He was duly warned and his statement taken down. It helped materially to tighten the noose about his neck.

"Sure, I shot at Anderson," he said. "I had to. He tried to kill me with a knife. It was in self-defence. That man's just lying. I saw Bergman off in another boat with two men. Said he'd had enough of the Yukon and was pulling out. He'll turn up all right, later on. If you're going to send me to gaol for wounding Anderson, all right. Let's get it over with."

Elfors duly came to trial and was found 'Guilty' and sentenced to death. He was executed at Dawson on October 6, and before the trap was sprung he made a full confession, which was very satisfying to the police.

ANNE vs. DAN

To end this article on a light note I think I should relate the story of Klondyke Anne who came into the barracks one morning, in a high state of indignation. Anne was a buxom woman of American extraction who controlled the dubious activities of some six or seven dance-hall girls. Both the saloon she ran and the girls who tended it were popular in Dawson, and much gold-dust flowed into Anne's capacious pockets.

On this particular morning Anne pounded the desk under the Inspector's nose with her large fist. In her left hand was clutched a large poke such as all miners used for carrying gold-dust.

"The dirty skunk," she said, "he came in on Saturday night and whooped it up for hours. Champagne for the girls and whiskey for the boys. All they could drink. Ordered booze by the bucketful, he did."

"Who did?" asked the Inspector.

"Dakota Dan. His bill came to four hundred and fifty-eight dollars and I let him off light at that, him being sweet on one of my girls, Adelaide."

"Suppose you get to the point," suggested the Inspector patiently.

"All right, all right! When the show was over, he throws me this poke of dust and I weighs it on the scales. Went all of six hundred dollars it did. He says 'Keep the change, Anne'. At that I puts up more drinks for the house."

"Generous chap, Dakota Dan!" said the Inspector.

Anne snorted. "I'll say. When I gets to the bank, this morning, the manager tests the gold and tells me it's brass fillings."

The Inspector grinned. "So you want to lay a charge, eh!"

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"You bet I do."

"All right, I'll have Dan picked up. In the meantime you'd better get yourself some nitric-acid and test your dust when you get it."

Anne produced a small phial triumphantly. "I done just that already," she said. "That's the kind of business woman I am."

Anne departed and the Inspector sent out a man to pick up the ingenious Dakota Dan. However, before the miner was brought in Anne appeared once more and withdrew the charge against him saying that she had seen him, that he had pleaded that the previous Saturday's entertainment had been by way of a joke, and that he would come around the next Saturday night and not only clear up his debt but see that Anne did not lose by her generosity.

The Inspector sighed and tore up the charge-sheet. These dance-hall women were mostly an infernal nuisance, and the majority of them deserved what they got by way of reprisals.

Next Saturday night, Dan arrived at Klondyke Anne's, and in his wake thirty or forty miners poured into the dance-hall. Anne rubbed her hands. Business was going to be brisk.

"You've been mighty decent to me, Anne," said Dan. "So I've brought the boys along for a real blowout. All the drinks are on me, tonight. Step 'em up hearty like!"

Anne smiled sweetly. "Regarding our previous little bit of trouble, Dan, you know I wouldn't like anything like that to happen again."

Dan laughed and slung two fat, heavy pokes onto the bar. "Here, weigh those," he said.

"You won't be insulted if I test 'em, will you, Dan? A joke's a joke, but business is business."

"Go right ahead, Anne."

Anne weighed the yellow dust and then producing a phial from beneath the counter, she poured a little liquid over the metal. There was no reaction.

"Fine, Dan. The stuff's all right. Go right ahead and hit the high spots!"

Dakota Dan and his friends certainly did hit the high-spots, and Anne watched them complacently secure in the knowledge that in the old-fashioned safe was enough dust to more than pay for any night's entertainment. Dan spent most of the evening in the company of Adelaide, and enjoyed himself hugely.

On Monday morning, Anne went around to the bank with her takings, amongst which were Dan's two pokes. The manager, as a matter of routine, tested the dust, and then looked up in surprise from his desk.

"Why, Klondyke, this is brass-dust again!" he said.

Anne leapt about three feet in the air. "It can't be! Why, I tested it myself with that acid you gave me."

"It's still brass," said the manager grimly. "Better go get your acid and test the stuff here."

Anne, greatly perturbed, went home and returned with the small phial which she handed to the bank manager. He uncorked it, and sniffed the contents gingerly.

"Gin!" he said. "The phial has been switched on you, Anne."

Klondyke sank into a chair. "Adelaide," she snapped. "I ain't seen her since yesterday."

But both Adelaide and Dan got clear out of the country, and I'm afraid the Mounted did not worry over much about Klondyke Anne's loss. She would make it up from lots of other miners less brainy than Dakota Dan.

.....

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An Austrian professor can make synthetic meat from wood. It's self-skewering (says *Punch*).

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Mr. Speaker, Sir!

DEBATING the rising costs of living and the comparative uselessness of the coin of lesser denominations in post-war Britain, an hon. member of Parliament asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer if he would consider abolishing the farthing (1/2c) as a unit of currency.

Immediately, Wullie Gallacher, staunch Scottish Communist, jumped to his feet:

"Maister Speaker, before the hon. Minister answers that question, I would ask you to prohibit any mention of Scotland in his reply."

★

"I plead guilty myself to licking my fingers after a chocolate éclair," said Dr. Edith Summerskill, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, in the British House of Commons. "Furthermore," she continued, "I defy any hon. member to stand up and say that he does not do it, too."

★

The famous "oatmeal" debate in the British House, which occurred in mid-summer when porridge was rationed along with bread, should live long in Parliamentary annals. The real battle started when Mrs. Jean Mann, Scottish Labor M.P. maintained that the only thing the Tories could cook was tripe. "Have they ever stirred a pot of porridge?" Jean (who is a grandmother) demanded.

The answer came from Lord William Scott, Tory member for a Scottish seat and a brother of the Duchess of Gloucester, who declared that he could cook porridge against any member of the House of Commons, man or woman. Mrs. Mann, he thought, might be guilty of the solecism of using porridge oats instead of oatmeal, and sugar instead of salt.

Unfortunately, Jean was absent from the House having a spot of tea, when this challenge was issued and the subsequent opinion expressed. However, when informed of both, she not only accepted the challenge, but roundly resented the imputation about porridge oats and sugar.

"Had I been in the house," she declared, "I would have demanded the protection of Mr. Speaker against such an insult to a Scotswoman."

.....

Birth Announcement

Weiner Ordnance Works (WOW) announces completion of a revolutionary defence weapon, the Bratomic Bomb.

Known to intimates as the BRAT, the bomb was completed January 11, 1946. Production was begun in April, 1945. The research project was authorized September 7, 1944, by Capt. Sidney Greenburg, Chaplains' Corps. Samuel Weiner headed the organization. Sylvia Harrison Weiner was in charge of production, and Harold Shutter, M.D., directed the final delivery of the weapon.

The bomb weighed 3.5 kilos when completed, but it is constantly expanding due to its unique features of absorption. It carries twin optical centres, chemical detector kit, two auditory receivers, and final intake, all situated at the forward end. At the other end, it is equipped with bifurcated fin, chemical warfare exhaust, and water-cooled trailer.

Its spraying range has been field-tested on nurses, relatives, and other prisoners. Its vocal range was tested in field trials on N. 73rd Street, January 21st. On January 22nd the Wauwatosa City Council petitioned the United Nations to outlaw the new weapon.

Because of production difficulties and the budget, no further bombs will be produced at the Weiner Ordnance Works during the fiscal year.

This weapon, claims the WOW, is unique in military history in that it has never been called "Secret".

—Chemical Bulletin (U.S.)

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Borrowed Time

(Continued from page 6)

few days? They, Dunc's folks, hadn't seen the boy for over two years, so a visit from Bill would seem like a direct link with him.

Bill groaned. He couldn't. Couldn't face them. Right now, they figured him a chum of Dunc's, perhaps his closest friend. They mourned the kid, but they had respect for Bill. Yet if they only knew that Bill had been the instrument of Dunc's loss, their respect for him would turn to hate.

But on the other hand, what else could he do? If he ignored the letter, it would add to their suffering; if he declined, made an excuse for not going just now, he would be merely putting off the evil day. Putting it off, and hurting them terribly at the last.

It took Bill a couple of weeks to make up his mind, but once he had it made up, he knew what his course must be. That was to call on the family, give them all the information he could, then make a clean breast of things. They'd despise him, of course; but it was the only honest, the only decent, thing to do.

So, a little more than the two weeks later, he stepped off the twice-a-week train at McDonald Siding. The place was a typical bush-town with its burned cutover, its blackened stumps and its mouldering sawdust-piles. Dunc's folks, too, were much what he expected of them; old Tom with his worn high-top boots, his sweeping grey mustache and his kind, blue eyes; Dunc's mother, older somewhat than her pictures, but smiling warmly; and the kid-sister Irene, not so much of a kid, in her short skirt, open-toed wedgies, and with the clean north wind blowing through her hair.

Bill almost choked with the warmth of their welcome, the preparations they had made for him. When he managed to mumble something about not being able to stay long, old Tom hooted him down. Train only ran twice a week and there were plenty things to do. Bill must meet the neighbors, see the country, take a run out to the lumber-camp. Sakes alive! once here, they weren't goin' to let him slide out like that!

They showed him to his room; and it had to be Dunc's room. "You'll like it," Dunc's mother said. "It'll be just like old times with him again."

With the door closed, Bill looked around him. The room was of oiled v-joint, like the rest of the house, and it had been mercifully cleared of most of Dunc's belongings. But there were a pair of snowshoes on the wall, and a shotgun and a rifle, and Bill knew whose these would be. And photographs, a dozen of them. Of Dunc. alone, as a kid; with Irene; standing over a fallen bull moose; and more of him in uniform. There was even one, Bill found, of himself and Dunc. together. It had been taken in England only a few weeks before Dunc's last trip. And there was one, cabinet-size, in a place of honor above the bed. Dunc. was in his sprog's uniform, and the picture had been taken by a Regent Street photographer. Bill even recalled his hoot of dismay when Dunc. had told him the cost. "Three quid for six pictures? Boy, you musta robbed a bank!"

Bill looked at the photograph long, and felt very humble. Felt an interloper, too; as though he were treading on sacred ground.

"But I'll play her square, kid. I won't double-cross you. No, neither you nor your folks."

★

BUT IT wasn't till after dinner that Dunc's name came up in direct conversation. *Now!* said Bill. *Now's the time to get it over with!*

Then a sudden thought checked him. He had to spend another three days in the place. If he told all immediately,

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he would have to get out, hunt up a room in the clapboard hotel. And for three days he'd have to hang around there, an object of scorn to every one of old Tom's friends.

So he went through with it, painting vivid pictures of his life with Dunc. overseas. He told of their leaves together, their fun, their raids. And it was made so easy for him. For to the family, Dunc. was still very much one of them. He was as much a part of their lives as if he were sitting there in the room with them.

But Bill was glad when it was all over and he and old Tom and Irene went out to see the town. There wasn't much to see, but there was a lot of introducing and handshaking to be done. But in the midst of it all, Bill's conscience gave him no rest. He was here under false colors, running a bluff, living a pitiful farce. But, please God, he'd have guts enough to face the showdown when it came.

★

THE next morning, old Tom took him out to the camp in a Model-A Ford. The camp lay at the end of a rutted, water-filled trail, and old Tom was all apologies.

"Ain't much of a road, and there ain't a whole lot at the end of it. But I kinda thought you'd like to see my layout. I got to go up there anyhow..." Old Tom hesitated. "Dirty mess on my hands that's worryin' me."

Bill looked at him, said, "Yeah?"

"The gang's on strike... Have bin for a week." Then old Tom seemed suddenly glad to unburden himself. "They ain't much good to start with, but by what I pay, I can't get no better. Now they're demandin' a hoist of twenty bucks a month."

Bill grunted. "How many of 'em?"

"Twenty of a crew. Twenty-two with the cook and the bull-cook. That means an extra four-hundred-dollars-odd a month. And the way the bank's got me fixed, I just can't afford it."

Old Tom explained that, with Dunc. being overseas and himself sick for the better part of the preceding winter, he had had to turn to the bank to see him through that season's activities. "I didn't make out so well; just about broke even. But this year, I got a contract, a good 'un, for all the lumber I can turn out. Only thing is, the last stick's got to be loaded on the tracks by the first of July."

Bill Jennings, to whom all financial transactions were Greek, asked the obvious question: "Won't the bank see you through?"

Old Tom spat sourly. "No. They say they're carryin' me for every nickel I'm worth already. And why should they do any more? If I go down, they own everything—mill, machinery, yeah, even my house and this old car."

Later, at the camp, Bill learned other things. The crew were on strike, but they were not starving. The cook saw to that. And with the delivery-date of the lumber already a point of worry, the loss of a week's work put old Tom in a precarious position. But old Tom had an ace in the hole.

He called the crew together outside the bunkhouse and made an offer.

"Look, boys," he said; "mebbe I ain't payin' you enough, but it's all I can pay. That is, all I can pay right now. But here's a proposition: you go back to work and help me deliver this lumber on time, and I'll pay you what you're askin' when I get my money. That'll be some time after the first of next month."

Bill, standing with one foot on the running-board of the car, awaited their reactions. On their looks alone, Bill wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for the lot of 'em. He sized them up as a bunch of slackers who'd gone into essential work to dodge the draft. He doubted if there was one real lumberjack or mill-hand among them. One man in particular caught his eye, a heavy-featured, hulking

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specimen in overalls and greasy jumpers. And just as Bill was looking at him, the man gave an explosive laugh.

"That the best you can do?" he demanded of old Tom Nelson.

Old Tom nodded.

"Then she ain't good enough! We want our money right on the barr'l-head!" The man glanced around to his co-workers. "That right, boys?"

There were growls of approval and a fidgeting in the ranks. Old Tom, looking helplessly at Bill Jennings, said, "See what I'm up against?"

Something crawled up Bill Jennings's spine. Through his teeth, he gritted, "The dirty chisellers . . ."

The remark wasn't made for the benefit of the crew, but their spokesman heard it. With a sudden scowl on his face, he shoved over to where Bill was standing.

"What's that ag'in?" he demanded.

Bill Jennings had met trouble before. His maxim was to hit first, and hit hard. So when the brute was within a short arm's length, he let him have it.

The blow was flush on the jaw, and Bill's knuckles cracked. The sudden pain blinded him. When the man stumbled, Bill hit him again with his left hand; and the two blows seemed to be enough. The man went down; out like a light.

Bill's breath was jerky. Not from his efforts alone, but from something that was boiling within him. He faced the other men, now numbed, and leaderless.

"Yeah, chisellers! The whole gang of you!" he snarled at them. "Old Tom ain't had worries and troubles enough, but you bums have got to make 'em worse! Okay, then, you'll get your money—the twenty bucks you're snivellin' over. I'm in this business now; I'll see you get it!"

The gang shuffled, looked awkward. Their leader showed signs of returning to life.

"Well, what're you waitin' for?" blared Bill Jennings. "Or d'you want the dish he got too?"

There were more grunts, more growls, an embarrassed laugh; then the gang began to break up. They headed towards the mill, their dazed leader blindly following them.

Old Tom Nelson turned. "What did you mix into this for, son?"

Bill caught the one word. Son. He blinked, and his sudden temper died. Son . . .

"Somebody had to mix in," he muttered. Then, harshly, "We'd better get to work ourselves."



THERE was plenty to do. That night, by the light of a gas-lamp and with his battered hand, Bill went to work on the big diesel that supplied power for the mill. Overtaxed, the engine needed expert attention. Bill supplied it. At breakfast the following morning, Tom Nelson said he needed one more truck to haul his finished product to town.

"I got a three-tonner down at the Siding that could be used if she was in shape. Got a set of rings for her and new timin' gears, but there ain't nobody can put 'em in. Ain't nobody to drive her, neither. You can't hire truck-drivers this time of the year for love nor money."

"Then we'd best hit for town," said Bill. "Right away."

So he installed the rings and the new gears, and when the job was finished, he announced his intention of driving the truck himself.

"But you can't do that!" demurred old Tom. "You done enough already. Of course, the matter of the wages for the boys I'll take care of when I get squared away . . ."

"Okay!" grinned Bill. "Let's go!"

There was no denying him; and for the next month, the truck that put in the longest hours was driven by Bill

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Jennings. But something else was driving Bill—a conscience that gave him no rest. If Dunc. had come back, Dunc. would have seen that the contract was filled; and as Dunc. hadn't come back, the legacy was Bill Jennings'.

They made much of him at the house, too much for Bill's peace of mind. When, long after dark, at weird hours of the night, Bill swung down from the cab with a sore back and cramped fingers, there was always a light in the Nelson home to welcome him. And always a hot meal.

Usually it was Irene who prepared it for him. She was younger than Mom; didn't need the sleep that old ladies did. And she sat across the table from Bill, chin in hands, listening to Bill's doings of the day.

These times, Bill found it hard to face her. She was so much like Dunc., so full of his laugh and his mannerisms. But though memories hurt him and his conscience stabbed, Bill found himself looking forward throughout the day to this quiet, intimate hour with her at night. Yet it wasn't until the last week of June, when he could view the approaching delivery-date without alarm, that Bill realized just where he was heading.

He got in earlier that night, surprised Irene in the act of hugging a big, handsome lumberjack farewell on the verandah. He wheeled quickly, made for the garage at the back of the house, stood there the victim of an odd emotion.

He didn't know who this bird was, didn't want to know; but he did realize, suddenly, shockingly, that he was jealous—that he was in love with Irene.

The realization made his breath come quickly. The palms of his hands grew wet. It took him ten minutes to pull himself together. Then, suddenly resolute, he walked into the house.

Irene looked at him oddly. He washed, took his place at the table. They were alone again. And before he could control himself, he blurted the question: "This guy that went out of here—who's he?"

The girl frowned. "You mean Fred? Why, that's my cousin, of course. You've heard us speak of him—Fred Hartley."

Bill stared, foolishly.

"You goose!" Irene gave a delicious little laugh. "Who did you think it was?" Then suddenly she was blushing.

Bill was hit hard. There was no need of words. The girl had read his soul.

He finished his supper, went up to his room. He had to get out of here—and get out quick. And now that the showdown was at hand, he knew he couldn't face it.

He pictured himself, telling old Tom, Dunc's mother, Irene, the whole pitiful story. Saw the looks that would suddenly sweep their faces . . .

"I can't! I just haven't got the guts . . ."

Dunc. had said that to him once before. And it was true.

He found a piece of writing-paper, a pad on which he had once made calculations over old Tom's contract. He dug out his fountain-pen, sat on the edge of the bed, and wrote the hardest letter he had ever written in his life. When he had it done, he would leave it on the bureau. Tomorrow was train-day. To save tongues wagging, he would bid the family adieu, tell them his visit was up, and leave them to find the letter after his departure. It was the coward's way out, but . . . well, just as Dunc. had intimated, he didn't have the guts to do anything else.

★

ONCE MORE, there was little sleep for Bill Jennings; and he awoke late, and heavy-headed. But with the morning, new strength came to him. He tore the letter in half, looked up at Dunc's picture.

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"Told you I'd play the game, kid. Well, I'll do it."

The bluff he'd been running was bad enough; he didn't need to be a piker as well.

The family was at breakfast when he went down. They seemed stunned to see him in his travelling-clothes.

"Hey!" yelled old Tom. "What's the big idea?"

Bill shot a glance at his wrist-watch. One hour to train-time. Well, better get it over with now . . .

"I'm pulling out," he said simply. "And when I tell you why, you won't want to hinder me."

Old Tom frowned, glanced sharply at his wife. The woman and the girl stared at Bill in blank puzzlement. Bill grasped the back of a chair and fixed his eyes on Tom Nelson. He couldn't trust himself to look at anyone else.

"I've got something to tell you," he began. His voice was harsh, almost grating. "It concerns Dunc . . ."

With only a slight pause, he continued. "Dunc. was a friend of mine, the best pal I had overseas. Dunc. wouldn't turn me down for any favor I asked of him. He didn't turn me down at the last. Now the night he went missing . . . well, he shouldn't have gone on the trip at all. I should have gone. Fact is, though, I'd been on a toot the day before, and wasn't in shape for the trip. Dunc. took my place when I asked him to—with my crew, in my aircraft. And he never came back."

Bill waited, let the words sink in.

"I never told you that. Never even had the decency to write you when he went. I—I wanted to, but just couldn't. Now, up here, on this holiday of mine, you've been too good to me. But that's the score. I'm alive today because the kid took that trip for me . . ." Bill's voice cracked a bit. "I only wish to God it was the other way round!"

Old Tom's jaws were working. Bill couldn't trust himself to look at the two women. But he saw Mrs. Nelson get up from the table and go into the next room.

He stood there, miserable, with a pounding heart, keeping his eyes averted from Irene. Suddenly, he had an urge to get out himself, to run, and keep on running. Then the woman returned, with something in her hand.

It was a blue, air-mail letter. Misty-eyed, she handed it to him. Bill took it, tensed when he saw it was in Dunc's writing.

It was only a short note, "Dear Folks," although it started off with a promise of being a "decent letter." But Bill's interest was quickened at a paragraph near the end. It ran:

"I broke off for a moment and ran into Bill Jennings. Bill's been on another binge and wants me to take his trip for him tonight. I will, because he'd do anything for me, and in spite of his wildness, he's the finest guy in the world. So I'll finish this when I come back and will have a bit more news for you."

Bill read that part of the letter again, and his eyes grew blurry. "When I come back . . ." He looked up, face drawn and tight.

"You knew it—knew all along?"

Mrs. Nelson nodded slowly. "The letter came soon after he was reported missing."

Bill tried to grasp it all. "And knowing it, you asked me to come up here?"

Old Tom broke in. "That's why we asked you up here. We figured—Mom did anyhow—that bein' such a pal of Dunc's, you went through a lot when he didn't come back. Then we waited for you to write; and when you didn't, well, we kinda knew why."

"So then Mom wrote to you." It was Irene speaking. "We just had to have you up here. You know, to try to help each other. Dunc. would have liked it that way."

To help each other. To help Bill Jennings. Bill didn't

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understand it. Just what sort of people were these—who could sink their own suffering in thought for another? And for Bill Jennings, who was so unworthy of it?

Something came in his throat. He looked quickly from old Tom to Tom's wife, to the understanding face of Irene.

"So if that's what's worryin' you," put in old Tom, "it needn't worry you no more. And we knew you'd get around to tellin' us about it some time. You're the sort who couldn't do anything different."

Bill bowed his head. For the first time in months he felt free, clean, with a load off his heart. Then Tom Nelson was speaking, with entreaty in his tone.

"You don't need to run away on us, Bill. You sort of fill a spot in the house that needs it bad. And what I say goes for Mom and Irene. You'll stick around, won't you, son?"

Bill looked up. The knuckles on the chair-back were white. He looked at old Tom, nodded.

Son . . .

Silent Toast

Quite naturally on these solemn occasions our first thought is of our own loved ones, and of pals who were closer than brothers. Tonight, I wish you to share with me a vision I had during the two minutes' silence. I seemed to hear a voice "Let us now praise famous men" and before my mental eye appeared a great host, Haig, Jellicoe, George V, Currie, Byng, Lawrence of Arabia, Kitchener, Roberts, Victoria, Wellington, Clive, Nelson, Florence Nightingale, Moore, Wolfe, Cromwell, Bishop Ridley, Watt Tyler, Drake, Elizabeth, Richard, Harold, Alfred, Boadicea, and thousands more—all endowed with the God-given gift of leadership, and round them an unnumberable host—white men, black, brown, red, yellow men—men of every race and creed—men from Arctic ice—from desert sands—from fetid jungles—from the prairies and forests—the veldt—the mallee—from office and factory—from mine and mill—above all from the soft and pleasant British countryside. Truly, we are compassed about by a "so great host of witnesses", witnesses that throughout the ages, the British way of life has been worth living for, fighting for, and dying for. May we all so live and serve that, when we answer the last call, we may have the password to that great brotherhood: "I have kept the faith".

Comrades, I bid you rise in silent homage to this so great host of ever-living comrades.

"BROM".

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